THE PSALTER.

THE AMERICAN

METRICAL PSALTER.

Bishop Geo. Burgess

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TO THE

Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church

IN THE UNITED STATES,

THIS ATTEMPT

TO PRESERVE METRICAL PSALMODY

IN THE CHURCH,

AND TO SECURE

AN ENTIRE METRICAL PSALTER,

IS INSCRIBED,

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AND

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PREFACE.

ALMOST as soon as the English Bible and the English Common Prayer, the Psalter in English metre became also the possession of our fathers. It was a necessity, because our language, and those other languages which are its nearest kindred, demand for songs which are to be the voice of the people, the charms, subordinate though they be, of measure and of rhyme. No workman at his toil, no maiden in her hour of gladness or of sadness, no soldier on the march, ever thinks of singing any thing but verse. The grander music of the skilful choir, appealing to the highly educated taste of a few, may disregard modulations so simple; but the popular ballad and hymn must keep pace with the common feelings of mankind.

In truth, the early versions of the Psalms in English metre, were simply designed to be such an arrangement of the words of the

English Psalter that they might be capable of being sung to familiar music. It was as near to the prose as was possible for lines of eight and six syllables with a rhyme at the end of the second and fourth lines. The verse was framed only for the sake of the tune, and made no claim of its own to elegance or melody. If at any time it had for a moment the smoothness of a ballad, it was little more than a happy accident. Such was the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, which, partially published when the Prayer-Book of Edward the Sixth was established in 1549, and completed in the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was thenceforth sung in the Church of England for more than a hundred and thirty years, and by four generations. Such was the Scottish version, which had occasionally a kind of tenderness, as of plaintive notes heard among moors and mountains. Such was the New England version, but from first to last without a line which by any quality of point, or strength, or flow, could secure attention or remembrance.

In the course of this long period, several of the noblest pens in English literature were exercised on paraphrases of different kinds, which were generally not adapted to music, nor intended for the assembled congregation.

Sir Philip Sidney and his accomplished sister, the Countess of Pembroke, versified the whole book, in an exuberant variety of measure, and a rich and poetic diction. George Sandys threw into his version, from which a few Psalms have been occasionally reprinted, a more lyrical warmth and energy. The piety of Herbert did not entirely overlook this congenial labour: it was not disdained by the genius of Milton; and the easy hand of Denham essayed the whole.

But it is a striking reflection, that through all those days of learning and sanctity, of valour and martyrdom, consecrated to the cause of the Church of England, it sang but three or four metrical Hymns, and no metrical Psalms save those of Sternhold and his associates. No one can deem it strange that Bishop Burnet, writing towards the close of that period, should say, "this piece of Divine worship, by the meanness of the verse, has not maintained its due esteem." A general feeling was expressed by a correspondent of Archbishop Tillotson, who wrote, "a good translation in metre would remove one of the justest exceptions against our worship, contribute much to devotion, and be received, at this juncture, with little or no jealousy, or outcry of the people."

The task accordingly was intrusted, soon after the Revolution of 1688, to Tate, the Poet Laureate of the day, and a clerical coadjutor, Dr. Brady; and the result was the "New Version," which, after a struggle, took its place in all English churches. That even men like Bishop Beveridge disliked the change, was partly from the associations of the elder version with the services of the sanctuary in their youth, and partly from the less literal correspondence of the new with the sacred text. It attempted a more free expression in a more modern style; and, although often disfigured by an almost criminal carelessness, it gave to the worshipper many a flowing and sonorous stanza, which soon became a part of the memories most reverentially cherished in ten thousand congregations.

The next generation saw two sweet paraphrases of Addison glide into universal use and remembrance. At the same time, Watts "accommodated," to use his own form of words, "the Psalms of David to Christian worship;" "being the first to lead the Psalmist of Israel into the Church of Christ, without any thing of a Jew about him." This was a compromise between a translation and such a mere adaptation as he disliked in his

predecessor, Patrick, who, in a paraphrase, then much in favour in many religious assemblies, had introduced the very phrases of the Gospel. The Psalms of Watts, with his Hymns, became the special inheritance of the Dissenters in England, and of the Congregationalists in America: and, notwithstanding many defects in taste and versification, were a treasure of sacred song.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, James Merrick, an excellent clergyman of the Church, published his Annotations and his Poetical Version. But it was avowedly not his design "to accommodate the Psalms to the uses of public worship and a general Christian congregation." William Goode, on the other hand, a pious clergyman of half a century later, declared his intention to do exactly this, "designedly writing to the many," and "adopting the variety of measures now in use." About one-third of the Psalms were, wholly or in part, versified by a true poet, James Montgomery, sometimes with signal felicity, but with much latitude. Bishop Richard Mant, also, in measures, some of which were more suited to music than others, gave to the entire book an accurate translation, of sustained poetic spirit.

The Church of England continued, as it

still continues, to bind up with its Prayer-Book the complete Version of Tate and Brady; while, in the various collections of Hymns which are chosen by clergymen and congregations, many Psalms have been introduced from other translators. The American Episcopal Church, in 1832, set forth a Selection of metrical Psalms, along with the Hymns which, six years before, had been collected and authorized. This Selection contained parts of a hundred and twenty-four Psalms out of the hundred and fifty; and all but eleven were taken from Tate and Brady, so that it was little more than a curtailment. In a very short time the Selection superseded the full Psalter, in all editions of the Prayer-Book, and in all congregations. Since the adoption of this abridgment, not only have the beautiful imitations of Lyte been brought into notice, but the entire book has been several times versified anew. The "Oxford Psalter" of Mr. Keble, the "Cleveland Psalter" of Archdeacon Churton, and the "Cambridge Psalter," have all appeared in England; and in America, a version, published in 1840, by one who is responsible for much of the present volume. In the mean while, the Selection has by no means extinguished the sentiment from which it had its origin. It is

little more than the happiest part of that Version which had failed to satisfy the general taste; and, at the same time, it has all the deficiencies inseparable from a book of extracts.

Amidst the frequent discussions of the Hymnody of the Church, both in private and in official circles, the proposal has been heard, and heard with wide assent, that the metrical Psalms should be entirely laid aside, except a few which, for any striking excellence, might find among the Hymns an honourable place. A movement in the direction of so serious a change is supported by several arguments.

It is not maintained in the Church that the Psalms are not fitted for Christian worship: that their imagery and sentiments have been abrogated with the Mosaic covenant. The conspicuous position and constant use of the Psalter in prose forbid any such assumption; and as every part of every Psalm is there read, we are precluded from rejecting a single line on a ground like this. It was an inconsistency if any such principle was permitted to have influence in abridging the metrical Psalter.

But it is maintained, that since we have now a considerable treasure of Christian

Hymns, which must be more directly appropriate in their language and allusions; and since the Psalms are read in their own glorious garb of majestic prose; and since they may, in the same garb, be sung in many more churches than now; and since there is no metrical version which can content our age, it is better to cease from this long struggle against inherent difficulties; and to suffer the metrical Psalter to pass into oblivion, or maintain itself, if it can, in the parlor or closet alone.

Christian hymns, of course, speak more strictly the idiom of the Gospel, and tell its truths with greater simplicity and completeness; but they are not therefore sufficient for those who have the key to other and older treasures, not of metal so costly, but stamped more indisputably with the Divine coinage. We do not read the prophecies of Isaiah with less joy or comfort because we have the doctrine of St. Paul; much less because the preacher in every pulpit speaks more distinctly of Christ than the most sublime of the prophets. The Psalms came from the Spirit of inspiration: the Hymns are the work of mortals. All worshippers feel that their steps are surer when they tread on holy ground.

We have the Psalms in prose; but shall public worship be deprived of any innocent, touching, and long cherished attraction? Verse has a charm for the ear, a power to bind hearts together by the sweetness of united song, and a chain of its own by which it fastens itself to the memory. The question, "Why should the Psalms be in verse?" if it were not sufficiently answered by the corresponding question, "Why should they not be in verse?" has received its reply from the experience of three centuries. The young love the sound; it is dear to all through association with lofty, tender, or stirring tunes; and it is so remembered as to haunt us in solitary hours, and to come back continually to the lips. Few can recite consecutively three or four verses of any Psalm in prose; but multitudes have whole Psalms of Tate and of Watts in such recollection, that they will carry them along with them to the very gate of death. The story of the birth-night of our Lord, in the Gospel of Saint Luke, has been thrown into the simplest verse in that hymn which begins,

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night."

There was no reason for versifying it, except that it might be sung, and that it might be

remembered: and it is sung and remembered wherever the English tongue is spoken. Shall we refuse to hear that sacred ballad any more? If not, why should an iron rule impose silence on the metrical Psalms, because the same Psalms are said and can be sung without metre? They are poems: why should they never put on that dress which, in our language, belongs to poetry?

In prose, they are sung in some churches, scarcely numerous enough at present to be even numbered. Can it ever be that such music, whether ornate or monotonous, shall supersede the Psalmody which has been loved so long? The attempt would be a disastrous blow at the popular affection for the services of our public worship, and would only need to be followed by a like assault on metrical Hymns, which the Church once so neglected to its own lasting loss. If metrical Hymns are to be sung, surely the claim of metrical Psalms is not to be denied on any principle of general criticism: but if both alike could be superseded by the custom of chanting the Psalter, the utmost surrender would have taken place which has been in our times exacted by a misguided taste from the devotion of the people.

The only valid defence of such a measure

as the disuse of Psalms in metre is, if it be true, that no satisfactory version is found in the English language. It is the design of the present volume to test this argument. Eighteen versions, the whole of those which have attained such a place in sacred literature as to be anywhere cited, or anywhere easily accessible, have been consulted and compared; and of these, fourteen have contributed to this compilation. If it is not the most faultless of all the entire versions in our language, and if it does not include whatever is most excellent in each, so far as each is fitted for the purposes of public worship, it has failed to reach its aim.

In the attempt to perform such a service to the Church of Christ, it has been held right to overlook all considerations of individual authorship. It matters but little to the Church that it knows not, with very few exceptions, from what pen proceeded any one of its prayers or collects; and the name of the versifier of a Psalm is of still less moment. For the same cause, a part of a Psalm, a verse, a line, even a mere phrase, has been taken without hesitation from one writer, and interwoven with the work of another: and any change which seemed an improvement has been introduced with the

consciousness of absolute freedom. If the result has been success, no other justification is demanded. If it has been any thing but success, the happiness may still be left for later hands; but not, it is believed, from the present resources of our language and literature.

In the mean time, this Psalter in English verse is commended to the kindly favour of the Church, and to the gracious acceptance of Almighty GOD. G. B.

GARDINER, EASTER, 1864.

THE PSALTER.

PSALM I.

Blest is the man who will not stray
  Where godless dreams allure his feet;
Who stands not in the sinner's way,
  And sits not in the scorner's seat;

But in the statutes of the Lord
  Has, day by day, his best delight,
The strength that cheers his morning board,
  The peace that smooths his couch at night.

He, like the tree around whose root
  Bright waters never cease to glide,
Yields his green leaf and mellow fruit,
  Each in its pleasant time and tide.

Not thus the wicked wait their doom
  From that just hand that fans the grain:
The winnowing winds shall whirl their bloom,
  Like chaff that strews the withered plain.

They shall not stand in that dread day;
  They shall not mingle with the just:
For God has marked the good man's way,
  And guilt's proud road shall end in dust.

PSALM II.

Why roars with unavailing sound
  The nations' stormy surge?
The kings of earth in league are bound,
  And desperate onset urge:

Against the Lord they lift their hands,
  Against His Christ they say,
"Now burst we from their fettering bands,
  And hurl their chains away!"

Enthroned above the tranquil sky,
  The Lord surveys and smiles:
He laughs to scorn their swelling cry,
  He mocks their idle wiles;

And now He speaks, and o'er them ring
  The peals of coming ill;
"I seat mine own anointed King
  On Sion's holy hill."

Then, hearken to the Lord's decree;
  "This day my Son art thou:
Ask, and the heathen thine shall be,
  And earth's far ends shall bow.

Thou, with an iron sceptre's sway,
  Shalt bend them to thy right;
And like a vase of fragile clay,
  Shalt crush their scattered might."

O judges of the earth, give ear;
  O kings, be timely wise;
Rejoice with trembling, serve with fear
  The Sovereign of the skies:

Do homage to the royal Son;
  For, if His wrath but glow,
Oh, blest are they whose peace is won
  Before the whelming woe!

PSALM III.

O LORD, how many are my foes,
  The troublers of my peace!
And hourly as their number grows,
  Their impious vaunts increase.

How many lips my soul upbraid,
  And Him whom I adore!
"God whom he trusts," they cry, "shall aid
  His failing arm no more."

But thou, O Lord, art still my shield;
  On thee my hopes rely:
Thy hand my glorious guard shall yield,
  And lift my head on high.

Since whensoe'er in days of ill
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from His holy hill,
Why should I now despair?

In peace I laid me down and slept,
And rose from sweeetest rest;
For o'er me He His vigil kept,
And all my slumbers blest.

Though hostile myriads round me close,
And aim the deadly dart,
No force or fury of my foes
Shall daunt my steadfast heart.

Arise, and save me, O my God,
And send thy long-tried grace:
To thee belongs the avenging rod
That smote the oppressor's face,

And crushed in gore his tiger jaws!
Salvation, Lord, is thine!
And on thy people and thy cause
Forever shalt thou shine.

PSALM IV.

God of my righteousness, give ear!
As thou my galling chain
Hast broken in past days of fear,
Have mercy, Lord, again!

O mortal men, whose pride denies
My praise its glory due,
How long shall last your dream of lies,
To charm the heart untrue?

Oh, turn, and know: the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And ever as my prayer began,
He heard the trembling voice.

Before Him stand with godly dread;
Shun every deed of ill;
And with your heart, and on your bed,
Hold converse, and be still.

Come with the soul's pure sacrifice,
The offering of the just;
And lift to heaven your faithful eyes,
And make the Lord your trust.

While worldly minds impatient pine
More prosperous times to see,
Let thy bright countenance but shine,
O glorious Lord, on me.

So shall my heart with gladness glow,
Beyond what autumn yields
When the rich vineyards all o'erflow,
And smile the harvest fields.

Thus with my thoughts composed to praise,
I give mine eyes to sleep:
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM V.

LORD, listen to the praise I bring;
Accept my secret prayer:
To thee alone, my God and King,
Will I for help repair.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I my heart uprear;
To thee lift up mine eye.

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
They cannot be thy dear delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

Dark o'er the men of bitter lies
Shall hang thy awful hate:
And thy destruction rushing hies
Where murderers lie in wait.

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
And in thy fear, within thy court,
My suppliant tribute bear.

Oh, guide my footsteps safe and true,
For many foes are near;
And clear before my peaceful view
Let thy bright road appear.

Their proffered word is faithless breath;
Their heart perdition weaves:
A tempter to the vaults of death,
Their flattering tongue deceives.

O God, destroy them: be their doom
By their own snares to fall;
And let their mountain crimes entomb
Those scorners of thy call.

But all that trust thee shall proclaim
Their joy with soaring voice:
Who love the sweet sound of thy name
Shall in thy praise rejoice.

All blessing where the righteous tread
Thy smile of peace shall yield;
And thy strong grace is round them spread,
An adamantine shield.

PSALM VI.

Gently, gently, O my God,
On me lay thy chastening rod!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink beneath its sway.

Heal me, for my flesh is weak:
Heal me, for thy grace I seek:
This the only plea I make,
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim thy power to save?
Lord, my sinking soul reprieve;
Speak and I shall rise and live.

All the day I faint and moan;
All the black night weep alone;
While my couch with tears o'erflows,
And mine eyes are dim with woes.

Men of wickedness, depart!
God has heard my bleeding heart!
Lo, He comes: He heeds my plea!
Lo, He comes; the shadows flee!

Shame and sorrow and despair
Follow those who mocked my prayer;
With a sudden sharp dismay
Flee the foes of God away.

PSALM VII.

O LORD my God, in thee I trust:
From lion foes defend;
Lest torn and trampled in the dust,
I sink, without a friend!

O Lord my God, if on my hand
The stain of guilt I hide;
If I have rent the peaceful band,
Nor good for ill replied;

Then let my foe in righteous strife
Pursue and hunt me down;
Then let him trample on my life,
And lay in dust my crown.

Awake, O Lord, in wrath awake!
The strong oppressors rage!
Rise, and thy seat of judgment take,
And on my cause engage!

So round thy pomp and subject train,
Shall nations gather nigh:
Oh, for their sake arise and reign,
And plant thy throne on high!

Thou Judge, whom all the earth shall bless,
I trust my cause to thee:
According to my righteousness,
So let my sentence be.

Oh, end the sinner's guilty might,
And bid the upright rise,
Thou God most just, whose glance of light
The secret spirit tries.

The God of strength my shield extends,
The Saviour of the pure;
Whose strong right arm the good defends,
Whose wrath is daily sure.

He steels his sword, He bends his bow,
If pride disdain to turn;
He lifts the blade of deadly blow,
And forms the shafts to burn.

Lo, deep within, each treacherous breast
With crime and ruin teems;
There falsehood finds her chosen nest,
And bears deceitful dreams.

They form the pit, and spread the toils,
And there their pride shall bow:
The crushing blow of guilt recoils
Full on the guilty brow.

But I the righteous Lord will sing,
And all His truth adore:
To thee, my soul's Almighty King,
To thee my song shall soar.

PSALM VIII.

O THOU to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Through thee the weak subdue the strong,
And bend their hostile will;
And so thou quell'st the bitter throng,
And vengeful hearts are still.

When heaven, thy beauteous work on high
Employs my wondering sight:
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

Oh, what is man, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

Formed by thy will a little space
Below thine angel train,
Thou gav'st him, from that noble place
O'er all thy works to reign,

O'er vale and mountain, flock and herd,
And beasts of wild and wood;
The soaring and the singing bird,
And ocean's swarming brood.

O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM IX.

O LORD most high, my swelling heart
Thy praises shall proclaim,
The story of thy deeds impart,
And triumph in thy fame.

While on my foes thy terrors shine,
The proud fall down in flight:
For judgment's spotless throne is thine,
And thou sustain'st the right.

And thou hast quell'd the heathen's rage,
And quenched the impious race;
And from the tale of age to age
Hast swept th' oppressors' trace.

The vast destruction is fulfill'd,
And giant towers are heaps;
Mid piles that none shall e'er rebuild,
Their lords' lost memory sleeps.

But firm th' eternal throne abides;
The righteous Sovereign reigns:
The realms of earth His sceptre guides,
And judgment just maintains.

The Lord shall shield the heart oppress'd,
Shall shield in troublous hour:
Who know thy name on thee shall rest,
And trust the poor man's tower.

Sing to the Lord of Sion, sing;
Tell all the world His deeds:
When blood and wrong His vengeance bring;
The humblest cry He heeds.

Have mercy, Lord, and mark my woe,
The sport of causeless hate;
Thou Lifter of the poor and low
From death's eternal gate;

That where thy thronging people meet,
My song of praise may swell;
Till thine own Sion's royal street
Of thy deliverance tell.

Where heathen fingers spread the net,
There heathen feet have trod;
They mourn the snares themselves have set,
And know the righteous God.

The hosts that spurn His milder reign
In hell's dark realm shall lie:
Not long shall weep the poor in vain,
Nor all his hope shall die.

Arise, O Lord, nor in thy sight
Let heathen pride prevail;
So let them own but man's their might,
And man how brief and frail!

PSALM X.

Why stands the Lord afar,
And hides in evil hour,
And sees the wicked's haughty war
Th' afflicted seed o'erpower?

Oh, let their own dark guile
On them in ruin burst,
Who, vain in fortune's fleeting smile,
Bless him whom God has curst.

Pride lights the wicked's face,
And fires his reckless eye;
Thy might his heart disdains to trace;
Thy judgments peal so high.

His prosperous pathways rise;
He flouts the warning call:
"My foot shall ne'er be moved," he cries,
"Nor ill my soul befall."

So on his lips has rung
The blasphemy of pride:
While, couched beneath his venomed tongue,
Deceit and treachery hide.

By the still village path
He waits the guiltless prey,
Darts the keen glance of serpent wrath,
And only springs to slay.

He lurks as in the brake
The lion makes his lair;
He lurks, the passing poor to take,
To take in deadly snare.

Torn falls the wretch and bleeds
Within his fang and fold;
Yet cries his heart, "God never heeds,
He cares not to behold."

Remember, Lord, thy poor,
And lift th' avenging rod;
Why should the wicked's dream endure,
And mock the glance of God?

Thine eyes their malice see,
Thy hand must all repay;
The lonely orphan leans on thee,
And feels a heavenly stay.

Oh, break th' oppressor's arm;
The spoiler's power confound;
And search the haunts of guilty harm,
Till harm no more be found.

While the firm world shall stand,
The Lord its sceptre wields:
The heathen perish; and His hand
Our endless succour yields.

For thou the humble sigh,
O Lord, hast deigned to hear:
Thou giv'st the heart its contrite cry,
And giv'st thy listening ear;

The doom of pride to speak,
And make the tyrant bow:
Thou art the Saviour of the weak,
The orphan's Guardian thou!

PSALM XI.

Since I can trust my heavenly King,
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I, with the bird's fleet wing,
To distant mountains fly?

Behold, the wicked bend their bow,
And fix the fatal dart,
To pierce, with unexpected woe,
The sound and blameless heart.

The firm foundations are o'erthrown,
All pillars brought to naught;
Alas, the just man stands alone:
What evil hath he wrought?

But He that in His temple reigns,
Most holy and most high,
And in the heavens His seat maintains
Of royal majesty,

The poor and simple man's estate
Considers in His mind,
And searches out, in small and great,
The manners of mankind.

He with a cheerful countenance
The righteous pilgrim views;
But marks with stern abhorrent glance
All such as mischief muse.

He round the wicked pours His snares
Thick as the tempest rain:
The sulphurous storm His wrath prepares,
The fiery cup of pain.

The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With all His love embrace:
The soul that His commandment heeds
Shall see His glorious face.

PSALM XII.

Save, save, O Lord! on earthly ground
The good, the faithful fail:
Friend whispers friend, but false the sound,
And treacherous is the tale.

With flattering tongues their tale they tell,
With hearts of smiling guile:
The Lord those flattering tongues shall quell,
And change that guileful smile.

Aloud they lift their swelling tone;
"Our words shall mighty be;
Our unchained lips are all our own;
Who rules the spirit free?"

"Now for the sorrows and the cries
Of poor men, and oppressed,"
Thus saith the Lord, "I now will rise,
And give the humble rest."

The words of God are words sincere,
Like molten streams that glide
From the fierce furnace, pure and clear,
Of silver seven times tried.

Lord, thou shalt guard thy chosen race,
Though evil hosts surround,
In days of gloom when, high in place,
The shame of men are crowned.

PSALM XIII.

Lord of mercy, just and kind,
Wilt thou ne'er my guilt forgive?
Never shall my troubled mind
In thy light rejoicing live?

Lord, how long with sorrows vexed
Day by day shall I complain;
While each anxious thought perplexed
Counsel takes, but takes in vain?

Lord, how long shall hearts of hate
Tempt my harassed thoughts to sin,
Boasting o'er my humbled state,
Fears without, and guilt within?

Lord my God, thine ear incline,
Listen to my suppliant breath;
Cheer mine eyes with light divine,
Lest I sleep the sleep of death!

On thy mercy I rely:
Mercy, heavenly Lord, impart!
Mercy brings salvation nigh;
Mercy shall light up my heart.

Lord, I lift my voice in praise,
All thy bounty to adore:
Flowing from eternal days,
Flowing onward evermore.

PSALM XIV.

"THERE is no God," the impious say,
All in their senseless mood;
Foul are their works, and false are they,
And no man's deed is good.

The Lord looked down from heaven and viewed
The sons of men below;
If haply some the truth pursued,
And sought their God to know.

Together all are gone astray,
Polluted and undone:
Not one that keeps the rightful way,
That toils for good, not one.

Is all their judgment so far fled,
That all work evil still,
Eating my people e'en as bread,
Defiant of God's will?

Fearful shall be their sudden fear,
For God surrounds the just:
Them whom ye scorned He bows to hear,
And vindicates their trust.

Oh, who shall stretch from Sion's hill
The liberating hand?
Who thence the eager hope fulfil
Of Israel's captive band?

When thou, O Lord, shalt once again
Thy people's bonds destroy,
Jacob shall swell th' exulting strain,
And Israel leap for joy.

PSALM XV.

Who in thy courts, O Lord, shall dwell,
Who on thy holy hill remain?
The man whose steps are ordered well;
Who speaks the truth with purpose plain;

Who bears no tale of slanderous guile;
Who plans no ill, nor loves to hear;
In whose just eyes the bad are vile,
And thy pure saints are always dear;

Who keeps the oath that brings him harm;
And will not wrong, to swell his store,
Nor lift for gold the law's high arm:
Who thus shall stand shall fall no more.

PSALM XVI.

Preserve me, Lord! With upward eye
To thee my trusting soul shall cry;
Thou art my Saviour and my King,
And only of thy gifts I bring.

No good of mine can thine requite;
But in thy saints is my delight;
And most with those I long to dwell,
Who in thy service most excel.

But they who other gods would know,
Haste to accumulated woe;
Their bloodstained rites my soul disclaims;
My lips renounce their hated names.

The Lord my heritage bestows,
And by His love my cup o'erflows;
My lot has stretched its lines around
A large and goodly pleasant ground.

I bless the Lord who gives me light,
And prompts my secret thoughts by night;
I look to His approving eye,
And fear not, for His arm is nigh.

My heart exults; my tongue replies:
My flesh shall rest in hopes to rise:
Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell,
Nor let me with corruption dwell,

But to thine Holy One display
The path to everlasting day;
Where joy o'erspreads the heavenly land,
And glory waits at thy right hand.

PSALM XVII.

Lord, to a righteous cause give ear;
And my complaint in pity hear;
And since my tongue shall nothing feign,
Repulse me not with stern disdain.

Oh, let my sentence come from thee,
Who read'st my heart's simplicity;
Who know'st my thoughts through silent night,
Unshrinking from thy holy sight.

From words of guile my lips recoil;
I shun the paths of wrong and spoil:
Oh, guide me still along thy way,
And let my footsteps never stray.

Still shall my prayers in hope ascend;
Still let thine ear attentive bend;
And still that arm of love disclose,
That saves thy saints from all their foes.

Fenced as the apple of the eye,
Safe in thy covert let me lie,
Safe in the shadow of thy wing,
From hosts that stand in threatening ring.

Swoll'n with their feasts, they boast aloud;
Then to the earth in ambush bowed,
Couch like the lion for his prey,
Like the young lion, hot to slay.

Rise, mighty Lord, and mock their trust,
And dash the spoilers to the dust;
Strong refuge to my soul afford
Through thy right hand and outstretched sword,

From men whose home is here below;
Who love no higher hope to know;
Whose veins o'erflow with prosperous health,
Whose offspring share their fleeting wealth.

Far other, better wealth be mine,
Contented with that joy divine,
Thy face in holy worlds to see,
When I shall wake and be like thee.

PSALM XVIII.

I LOVE the Lord, my rock, my might,
My Saviour and my tower,
My God, my trust, my shield in fight,
My glory and my power.

O Lord, most worthy of all praise,
I call in need on thee;
And thou my rescued head shalt raise,
While all my foes shall flee.

The pangs of death, the close distress,
My struggling spirit bound;
The flowing waves of wickedness
Rolled fearfully around;

The pangs of hell my heart oppressed,
The grave's dark snares were nigh;
Then to my God that heart addressed
Its agonizing cry.

He heard me from His holy place,
He listened to my moan;
And gave the succour of His grace
From His celestial throne.

Then earth's foundations rocked and reeled,
As forth his anger broke;
And while the trembling mountains pealed,
Far lowered the fiery smoke;

For lurid coals of vengeful wrath
Out from His presence came,
And all along His downward path
Shot the consuming flame.

The Lord descended on the blast,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubins
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

The thick dark cloud, the watery shroud,
Became His secret tent;
The hail's wild dash, the fiery flash,
Before His glory went.

The skies were riven, the tempests driven,
Beneath His thunder's roar;
The hail's wild dash, the fiery flash,
His vengeful message bore.

Then from His shafts the guilty fled;
And, rent with vast dismay,
Earth's mighty depths, and ocean's bed,
Lay bare that dreadful day.

He from the heavens sent succour down,
My sinking head upheld,
And snatched me from the horrid frown
Of seas that proudly swelled.

He saved me from my mightiest foes,
The impious and the strong,
When flushed with hate and pride they rose,
And did me deadliest wrong.

They hemmed me in my day of grief,
But He has made me dwell
In a free land of glad relief,
Because He loved me well.

According as my steps were right,
And as my hands were clean,
So would my gracious God requite,
Such His rewards have been.

For I with steadfast aim pursued
The Lord's commanded way,
And from my God, the only good,
Would go no more astray.

I held His judgments still in view,
And stood with soul sincere,
And firmly from my bosom threw
The sin that once was dear.

So ever as my steps were right,
And as my hands were clean,
So would my gracious God requite,
Such His rewards have been.

The good, thy goodness, Lord, shall see:
The just thy justice wait;
The pure shall know thy purity;
The haters thou shalt hate.

Thou sav'st the meek from lawless doom,
And break'st the proud man's might;
My lamp thou kindlest in my gloom,
And darkness then is light.

By thee I pierced th' embattled length
Of hosts for murder mailed;
And daring all things in thy strength,
The steepy ramparts scaled.

The way of God is always pure;
The Lord's true word is tried;
O'er all He spreads a buckler sure
Who trust them at His side.

For who is God except the Lord?
And other rock is none;
With might He girt me when I warred,
And makes His way mine own.

He leads me where that way shall lead,
A step as sure and fleet,
As where o'er glancing mountains speed
The hind's impatient feet.

He trains me that the hostile blow
I ward with warrior skill;
And these strong hands the brazen bow
Or bend or break at will.

So shielded, lifted, magnified,
I leaned serene on thee;
And lest my straitened feet should slide,
The path was broad and free.

I smote, and conquered, and pursued;
I chased the wild retreat;
Till all my foes, at length subdued
Lay prostrate at my feet.

Thou gav'st me armour for the fight,
To break the rebel crowd,
And turn their ranks in shameful flight,
Till low their necks were bowed.

They cried, but none was there to save;
To God the Lord they cried;
In vain; the Lord no answer gave;
Deliverer none replied.

Like dust before the rising blast,
I drove them in defeat;
And down to earth their banners cast,
Like clay along the street.

Saved from the strife, I mount the throne
Which heathen realms obey;
And nations, all till now unknown,
Submit them to my sway.

In love or fear, their homage send
The strangers' wondering powers;
The strangers tremble while they bend,
Far in their fastness towers.

Let the eternal Lord be praised,
In whose defence I rest;
To highest heaven His name be raised,
Who still my path has blest;

The God whose arm maintains my right,
And vindicates my cause;
Who wins, with His resistless might,
The nations to my laws;

Who judged between their hosts and me,
And bowed their glories low,
But raised me up, and set me free
From my remorseless foe!

Therefore to celebrate His fame,
My voice to heaven I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to His name,
Shall learn to tell His praise.

Amid the Gentiles I will sing
The Lord who pours His grace
On David His anointed king,
And David's endless race.

PSALM XIX.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord:
The starry skies thy praise record;
From day to day, from night to night,
The dawning and the dying light.

No human words, no living speech;
Yet through the world their lessons reach;
A language to no realm confined,
But nature's voice to all mankind.

There from his radiant halls the sun
Comes, his imperial course to run,
A bridegroom with his nuptial face,
A strong man girded for the race.

From heaven's far bound his journey goes;
At heaven's far bound his circuits close;
And one warm blaze, with genial glow,
Finds out each living thing below.

The Lord's converting law is pure;
The Lord's enlightening witness sure;
The Lord's enlivening precepts right;
The Lord's commands resplendent light.

The Lord's clean fear is endless youth;
The Lord's just judgment spotless truth;
Far richer than the golden ore,
Far sweeter than the honeyed store.

Safe with such guides thy servant treads,
And large rewards the path outspreads:
But who can count each secret fall?
Oh, cleanse me, Thou, who know'st them all!

And firmlier, Lord, my soul restrain
From riper crime's more impious reign;
And shuddering at the black offence
Uphold me in meek innocence.

The words that e'er my lips may part,
The thoughts that e'er may move my heart,
Each as they glide accepted be,
My Saviour and my Strength, with thee!

PSALM XX.

In trouble and adversity
The Lord God hear thee still;
The name of Jacob's God Most High
Defend thee from all ill;

And send thee from His holy place
His help at every need;
From Sion stablish thee with grace,
And gird thee for thy deed;

Remember how to Him aspire
Thine offering and thy prayer;
And grant thee all thy heart's desire,
And recompense thy care!

In thy salvation's promised gift
E'en now we dare rejoice:
Our banners in God's name we lift;
God answer to thy voice!

Now know I that the Lord will fight
For His Anointed's band,
Hear from the heavens' most holy height,
And stretch His strong right hand.

Some trust their chariots' long array,
And some their warlike steeds;
The Lord's dread name is all our stay,
And God to victory leads.

Chariot and horse lie low in dust;
We stand with steadfast feet:
Now save and help us, Lord our Trust,
From heaven thy mercy-seat!

PSALM XXI.

The king, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice:
With thy salvation crowned, shall raise
To heaven his cheerful voice.

More than his lip in prayer had told,
More than his heart could crave,
All blessings with his crown of gold,
Thy bounteous goodness gave.

He asked for life: long life and sure
Thou gav'st him, Lord, to see;
The long, long life whose years endure
Throughout eternity.

Thy sure defence through nations round
Has spread his glorious name;
And his triumphant acts has crowned
With majesty and fame.

Joy everlasting is thy gift,
And undecaying grace,
Whilst on his gloom thy love shall lift
The brightness of thy face.

Because the king on God alone
For timely aid relies,
His mercy still supports his throne,
And all his wants supplies.

But thy right hand shall find thy foes;
And thy devouring ire
Shall wrap them round, as whirls and glows
The raging furnace fire;

And thou shalt root out from the earth
Their fruits' superb increase;
And from the race of mortal birth
Their lineage proud shall cease.

For all their thoughts were set on ill,
Their hearts but malice wove;
But still in vain their powerless will
Against thy counsel strove.

Still shall they dread, in desperate flight,
Thine arrow on the string:
Arise, O Lord, in thine own might,
And we that might will sing.

PSALM XXII.

My God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
In anguish and alone?
No light of thine from far I see,
And all unheard I groan.

My God, by day I call, I weep,
Unnoticed, unredressed;
And in the silent hour of sleep
Nor respite find nor rest.

And thou continuest holy still,
And hast thy sacred seat,
Where Israel's songs thy presence fill,
And tell thy praises sweet.

Our fathers trusted thee, and called
On thine eternal name:
They trusted, and were unappalled,
For thy deliverance came.

But I, a worm am I forlorn,
Not one of human birth;
The scoff of men, the people's scorn,
The refuse of the earth.

All they who see my anguish dread
Deride me as unbless'd;
They curl the lip, they shake the head,
They point the taunting jest:

"He trusted in the Lord, to send
Deliverance in His might:
Deliver, then, the Lord His friend,
Since he was God's delight!"

Yet from the womb, by thy behest,
I came to light and day;
And when I clasped my mother's breast,
Thy love was all my stay.

So since I oped mine eyes on earth,
And wheresoe'er I trod,
E'en from my helpless hour of birth,
Thou wert my Guide and God.

Oh, be not far: no aid is found;
And troubles press more nigh:
Strong bulls of Bashan close me round,
And toss their horns on high.

My foes rush on, in panting crowd
With mouths that thirst to slay,
Like furious lions roaring loud,
And ramping for their prey.

Poured forth like water sinks my frame;
My bones asunder start;
As wax that feels the searching flame,
Within me melts my heart.

Shrunk like the potsherd's worthless clay,
I pine and gasp for breath;
And parched and fainting, tread the way
Down to the dust of death.

Fierce dogs insulting round me meet;
The vile my woes behold:
They pierce my hands, they pierce my feet;
My bones may all be told.

They gaze, they stare, they mark my woe
Intent my end to see:
They part my clothes, and lots they throw
Whose shall my vesture be.

Lord, be not far; swift aid afford;
Thy strength my soul surrounds;
Oh, save me from the bloody sword,
My darling from the hounds.

And snatch me from the lion's leap,
And bear me safe away,
And from the savage monsters keep,
Whose horns are pushed to slay.

Then shall I to my brethren all,
Thy majesty record;
And in thy church with praises call
On thee the living Lord.

Oh, ye that Jacob's God confess,
Now all His praises sing!
His name, O house of Israel, bless,
And lowly homage bring!

He never yet abhorred or spurned
Affliction's plaintive sigh,
Nor from the meek His presence turned,
But heeds the sufferer's cry.

Where all thy saints adore around,
Where hosts in glory bow,
My song of praise aloud shall sound,
And stand redeemed my vow.

The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread;
And hungering hearts have full relief,
With joys immortal fed.

Then shall all tribes of mortal birth
To God their tribute pay,
And scattered nations of the earth
One sovereign Lord obey.

The right supreme o'er every throne
The Lord supreme maintains;
Him King of kings the world shall own,
And Lord of lords He reigns.

All whom thy gifts with plenty crown
Shall taste thy love and bless,
And all that to the dust go down
Thy royalty confess.

To thee shall live my quickened soul;
Thy courts my seed shall grace:
Recorded in thy deathless roll,
Thine own peculiar race.

Behold they come, they join to raise
For future sons the strain:
The justice of the Lord's pure ways,
The triumphs of His reign.

PSALM XXIII.

The living Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

He feeds me in the pastures green,
Where I may safely lie;
He leads me to sweet shades serene,
The quiet waters by.

When my misguided footsteps stray,
And dangerous paths would take,
He brings me to the righteous way,
For His dear mercy's sake.

And though I pass through death's dark vale,
Yet I will fear no ill:
Thy rod and staff shall never fail,
And thou art with me still.

Thou hast my table richly spread
In sight of every foe:
Thou hast with balm refreshed my head,
And mad'st my cup o'erflow.

Thy love and mercy, all my days
Shall still my life attend;
And in thy temple, in thy praise,
I all those days will spend.

PSALM XXIV.

The Lord is lord of all the earth;
Its wealth is all His own:
The world, and all of mortal birth,
Are His, and His alone.

He framed and fixed it on the deep,
And His almighty hand
High on the flood's inconstant heap
Made the firm fabric stand.

But for himself the Lord has still
One chosen seat designed:
Oh, who to that thrice sacred hill
Shall due admittance find?

The man whose honest heart and hands
No deeds of shame defile;
Who in his innocency stands,
And swears no oath of guile.

On such the Lord's rich blessing falls,
The righteous Saviour's grace:
Such, God of Jacob, seek thy halls,
And thy most glorious face.

Lift high your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors!
The King of glory entrance waits;
The song triumphal soars!

Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord, the strong in might;
The Lord who all His foes o'erthrew,
Strong in victorious fight.

Lift high your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors!
The King of glory entrance waits;
The song triumphal soars!

Who is the King of glory? who?
The sovereign Lord of hosts:
His kingly glory heaven shall view,
And earth, through all her coasts.

PSALM XXV.

To God in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice:
Oh, shame me not, thou Good and Just,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

Sure, those who hope in thee
Shall never suffer shame;
But they shall hide in infamy,
Who causeless evil frame.

Oh, lead me in thy truth,
And teach me all thy way:
On thee, my Saviour from my youth,
I wait the livelong day.

Thy kindnesses of old,
Thy tenderness and care,
And all thy mercies manifold,
Still in remembrance bear.

But oh, remember not,
In records kept above,
The sins of youth, which naught can blot
Save thy forgiving love.

Just is the Lord, and kind
To those who turned aside:
The meek shall His direction find,
The lowly He shall guide.

Where'er His paths divine
His servants' eyes can trace,
There truth and mercy always shine
For souls that seek His grace.

Now by thy glorious name,
Let pardoning mercy plead:
For, heavy is my load of shame,
And bitter is my need.

Whoe'er with humble fear
To God his duty pays
Shall find the Lord a guide most near
In all his righteous ways.

His quiet soul with peace
Shall be forever bless'd;
And in the land, no more to cease,
His seed shall dwell at rest.

For God his secret will
To all His saints imparts,
And all His covenant shall fulfil
In their obedient hearts.

On Him mine eyes are set,
Awaiting still His aid,
Who plucks my feet from out the net
For my destruction laid.

Oh, turn, and all my woes
In pity, Lord, redress;
For mighty troubles round me close,
And anguish of distress.

The sorrows of my state
To crushing loads increase:
Oh, from the dark and dismal weight
My weary soul release!

Look on me in my pain,
My desolation see;
And from my guilt's oppressive chain
Forever set me free!

Look on my cloud of foes;
See how to hosts they swell;
And how their hate on one o'erflows,
Who fain in peace would dwell.

My soul from death reprieve;
Nor put me, Lord, to shame;
As I, with all my trust, believe
In thine almighty name.

Strong in mine innocence,
On thee I still repose;
Oh, send to Israel thy defence,
And save them from their woes.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the way
Of righteousness have trod;
My footsteps falter not nor stray,
Because I trust in God.

Prove me, O Lord, my bosom try,
Assay my inmost heart;
For from thy love and truth mine eye
Shall never, never part.

I sit not with the false and vain;
I shun the spoiler's den:
I hate the impious crowd profane,
Nor herd with godless men.

I wash my hands in innocence,
And round thine altar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,
And thence thy wonders show.

Lord, I have loved the holy place
Where all thine honour dwells;
Where the bright radiance of thy grace
In majesty excels.

Oh, not with men of bloodstained hands
My wretched doom enroll;
And not with base and treacherous bands
Be my imprisoned soul.

I walk in mine integrity,
And guileless truth pursue:
Let thy redemption, Lord, for me
Its wonted light renew.

That light my steadfast feet shall guide
To tread in smoothest ways;
Till with thy people I abide,
And ever sing thy praise.

PSALM XXVII.

The Lord to me is health and light;
Then, who shall bring alarm?
The Lord defends me with His might,
And who shall work me harm?

With fierce intent my flesh to tear
When foes beset me round,
Their crests that rose so high in air,
Soon tottered to the ground.

Through Him my heart undaunted dares
With mighty hosts to cope;
Through Him, when war its worst prepares,
For good success I hope.

One thing, with all my soul's desires
I sought, and will pursue:
What thine own Spirit, Lord, inspires,
That let that Spirit do.

Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat;
Forever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet;

In thy pavilion to abide
When storms of trouble blow;
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe;

Whilst God above each hateful snare
My lowly head shall raise;
And I to Him my offerings bear,
And sing glad songs of praise.

Thy listening ear still deign to lend
Whene'er to thee I cry;
With mercy to my voice attend,
With gentleness reply.

"Seek ye my face!" without delay,
When thus I hear thee speak,
My heart shall leap for joy, and say
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

Turn not in wrath thy face away:
Let not my footsteps slide:
Thou hast been all my strength and stay,
Be still my God and guide.

And leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee:
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God, remember me.

Teach me, O Lord, thy perfect way,
Lest foes my soul enthrall:
Make plain my passage, lest I stray,
And lead me, lest I fall.

For many perils hem my path,
And men of falsehood rise:
Give me not captive to their wrath,
Who breathe but threats and lies.

Oft had I fainted, and resigned
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

God's time expect with patient heart,
Who will inspire thy breast
With inward strength: do thou thy part,
And leave to Him the rest.

PSALM XXVIII.

O Lord my Rock, to thee I cry,
And sighs consume my breath:
Oh, answer, lest my soul draw nigh
To them that sleep in death.

Regard my supplicating call,
The cries that I repeat,
While, with uplifted hands I fall
Before thy mercy-seat.

Nor sweep me hence with that false crowd
Who joy in secret sin;
Whose words of peace are fair and loud,
While malice lurks within.

Reward them as their hearts have planned;
On them their mischief crown:
They have not owned the Lord's high hand;
That hand shall dash them down.

Praised be the Lord! He heard my voice,
The Lord, my buckler strong!
My trusting heart shall loud rejoice,
And lift its grateful song.

The Lord is His anointed's might:
Oh, on our side engage;
And save, and feed with rich delight
Thy ransomed heritage!

PSALM XXIX.

Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give glory to the Lord of light:
Give the just honour of His name,
And worship His eternal might.

To Him majestic altars raise,
With holy beauty deck His shrine;
And in His temple join to praise
The everlasting throne divine.

The voice of God is on the deep,
O'er the wide waves aloud He calls;
The voice of God, its thunders leap
Through all the sky's re-echoing halls.

The voice of God in might awakes;
The voice of God moves awful on;
The voice of God the cedars breaks,
The cedars dark on Lebanon.

Leaps Lebanon at that dread sound,
Leaps Sirion, from its base upborne,
Like the young bullock's playful bound,
Like the wild-rushing unicorn.

The voice of God the lightning cleaves;
The voice of God the desert shakes;
Till the far wilderness upheaves,
And barren Kadesh sighs and quakes.

The voice of God the wood lays bare,
Where cowers away the quivering deer;
While sheltered in His temple fair,
We tell His glory, safe from fear.

The Lord the angry floods restrains;
The Lord is throned in light above:
The Lord His people's strength maintains:
The Lord enfolds them with His love.

PSALM XXX.

Yea, I will extol thee,
Lord of life and light,
For thine arm victorious
Turned my foes to flight:
I implored thy succour,
Thou wert swift to save;
And my wounded spirit
Rose as from the grave.

Sing, ye saints, sing praises,
Call His love to mind,
For a moment angry,
But for ever kind;
Grief may, like a pilgrim,
Through the night sojourn;
Yet shall joy to-morrow
With the sun return.

In my wealth I vaunted,
"Naught shall move me hence;"
Thou hadst made my mountain
Strong in my defence:
Then, thy face was hidden;
Trouble swept the sky:
Lowly, not despairing,
Rose to thee my cry.

"What avails the offering,
Though my blood were shed?
Shall the dust sing praises,
Mansion of the dead?

Hear me, Lord, in mercy!
God, my Helper, hear!"
Long thou didst not tarry;
Help and health were near.

Thou hast made my mourning
Song and minstrelsy:
Girded me with gladness,
Servant but to thee:
Thee my ransomed spirit
Henceforth shall adore;
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless for evermore.

PSALM XXXI.

Defend me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee:
As just and righteous is thy name,
From danger set me free.

Come to my help with speed,
Come with thy sheltering power:
My refuge in mine hour of need,
My rock and fortress tower.

Release me from the snare
My foes unseen have laid;
For, faint, yet trusting, I repair
To thine almighty aid.

With thee my succour stands,
With thee, Deliverer tried!
Lord God of truth, to thy kind hands
My spirit I confide.

All vain designs I hate
Of those that trust in lies:
And still my soul, in every state,
To thee for succour flies.

The mercies thou hast shown
My cheerful lips shall bless:
For thou my pathways all hast known
In every past distress.

When the accursed race
Came closing all around,
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space
Beyond the fatal ground.

Thy mercy, Lord, unveil,
And hear my just complaint;
For now my flesh and spirit fail,
With grief and pining faint.

My bones are all decay;
My foemen taunting see;
My bosom friends turn cold away,
And they that mark me flee.

Forgotten like the dead,
Spurned as a broken vase,
I hear the frequent slander spread:
Fear sits on every face;

For counsel dark they take,
And hate is leagued with dread,
While their conspiracy they make,
My guiltless blood to shed.

But still my steadfast trust
I on thy help repose:
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose,
And by thy mercy and thy grace
Preserve me from my foes.

As I have called thee, save!
Let shame the vile surprise,
And silence cover in the grave
The lips that joy in lies;

That ope in slander proud
Against the pure of heart,
Mock his fair fame with insult loud,
Or steal with secret art.

How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name;
Which they that trusted in thy care,
Through the wide world proclaim!

Thy presence holds them safe
From man's assailing pride:
Though warring tongues around them chafe,
Within thy tent they hide.

With glory and renown
God's name be ever blessed,
Whose favour, like a well-fenced town,
Received me for its guest!

I said, in hasty flight,
"I perish from thine eyes!"
But I was ever in thy sight,
And thou hast heard my cries.

O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who will the just man's hope reward,
And all the proud subdue.

Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed:
For He will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

How blest the man, whose guilt is healed,
Whose crime no more shall stand revealed!
How bless'd, its trespasses forgot,
The guileless spirit, cleansed from spot!

Silent too long, by night, by day,
I groaned my weary hours away;
And life, beneath thy heavy hand,
Shrank as a brook in summer's sand.

I spake my sin, I covered naught,
I bared to thee my guiltiest thought:
I vowed my heart to God to tell,
And thou forgav'st where'er I fell.

For this, while yet thy grace is near,
The good man's prayer shall seek thine ear;
So, when the angry billows roar,
They shall not climb his peaceful shore.

Thou art my hiding-place in grief;
Thou art the rock of my relief:
And thou wilt yet my path surround
With grateful hymns of sweetest sound.

Watch for my glance your way to lead:
And be not like the stubborn steed,
Whose wrath must feel the bit and band,
Whose feet disdain the mild command.

Griefs throng around the heart unjust,
And mercies crown the faithful trust;
Then let your songs in joy accord,
And shout, ye upright, in the Lord!

PSALM XXXIII.

Let all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
It well beseems them to employ
Their lips in songs of praise.

Let the high harp and psaltery ring,
The lyre's melodious swell,
The silver lute with tenfold string,
His glories far to tell.

For God's pure word is truth and right;
His justice reigns above;
And earth lies flooded with the light
Of His all-bounteous love.

By His almighty word, the arch
Of heaven's blue vault was reared;
And all its hosts, in beauteous march,
At His command appeared.

He rolled the waters, heap on heap,
From rocky shore to shore;
And garnered up the mighty deep,
As if an harvest's store.

Let earth and all its tribes afraid
Before His glory stand;
He spake the word, and all was made,
And fixed at His command,

He breaks the heathens' proudest thought,
Their counsel undermines;
And turns their craftiest skill to naught,
And baffles their designs.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decreed
Shall stand forever sure:
His settled purpose and his deed
To ages shall endure.

Blest is the nation where the Lord
Has fixed His gracious throne;
Where He reveals His heavenly word,
And calls their tribes His own.

His eyes, with infinite survey,
All mortal men behold;
He formed us all of equal clay,
And knows our fragile mould.

Kings are not rescued by the might
Of armies, from the grave;
Nor panting steed, in fight or flight,
Shall prove of strength to save.

But God's pure eye shall condescend
To all that humble race,
Who fear His justice to offend,
And hope to find His grace.

He guards them from the wasting pest,
Though hapless myriads die:
And their replenished board is blest
Mid famine's bitter cry.

Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our help and shield is He!
Our hearts shall triumph in thy gates,
Because we trust in thee!

Lord, in thy mercy we rejoice;
Still bless us from thy throne
As we have made thy will our choice,
And hope in thee alone.

PSALM XXXIV.

Through all the changes of my days,
In trouble and in joy,
Still shall the Lord's perpetual praise
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will speak,
Till all that are distressed,
Like me His gracious comfort seek,
And charm their griefs to rest.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name:
When none could hear my call but He,
He to my rescue came.

Soon were the hearts refreshed with grace
That looked to him for aid;
And glad success in every face
Its radiant smile displayed.

Behold, they said, behold him yet,
Whom Providence relieved;
So dangerously but now beset,
So wondrously retrieved!

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
To keep them safe on guarded ground
Who on His succour trust.

Oh, make but trial, see and say,
When trial shall decide,
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints: and through His might
All dangers may ye dare;
And when His work is your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

While prowling lions pine and faint,
The Lord shall furnish food,
To gladden every weary saint,
And fill his heart with good.

Come, children, listen and drink in
The words that reach your ear:
I teach you the true discipline
Of God's religious fear.

Let him who covets to live long
And prosperous days would see,
From slandering language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free;

From sin's alluring paths depart,
The law of good obey;
Peace the fixed aim of all his heart,
The rule of all his way.

From heaven the Lord's approving eyes
Upon the just are bent:
His ears are open to the cries
Of the wronged innocent;

But the stern vengeance of His frown,
The terrors of His face,
Shall dash the proud transgressors down.
Forgotten from their place.

His servants, sinking in distress,
Send their requests on high:
He hears them, and commands redress,
And brings deliverance nigh.

The broken heart, to grief resigned,
Shall His kind pity feel;
And contrite spirits quickly find
How mercy loves to heal.

The wicked oft, but still in vain,
Against the just conspire:
Through all their dread and all their pain
He keeps their bones entire.

While evil men an evil doom
Brings lifeless to the dust,
And dark and desolate the gloom
O'er them that hate the just:

Still the Redeemer and the Lord
His servants shall approve;
Nor leave one saint who trusts His word
Deserted of His love.

PSALM XXXV.

Strive, Lord, with them that strive with me;
Let them that fight me fight at thee;
Gird on thy buckler and thy shield;
The swift, sharp javelin grasp and wield.

Come down, in mercy and in wrath,
And stop the fierce pursuer's path.
And say, to nerve my quivering will,
"Lo, I am thy salvation still!"

Vain be their weapons' aimed array;
Vain the dark ambush by the way;
Confusion wait them, and disgrace,
Foul rout be theirs, and shame of face.

Strew them, like chaff upon the blast,
While thy stern angel follows fast;
And dark and slippery be the road
Where thy stern angel on shall goad.

Without a cause the cords they set,
There shall they struggle in the net:
Without a cause they spread the snare,
Their own false hands their death prepare.

My soul shall then in God rejoice,
And all my frame shall find a voice,
And this my song of triumph be,
"Lord, who shall be compared with thee;

Whose arm redeems the child of woe
From dread before his mightier foe,
And saves the feeble from the strong,
And rights the helpless sufferer's wrong?"

With oaths of falsehood foul they stood,
And paid me murderous ill for good:
For I, above their painful bed,
The tears of sympathy had shed;

My fasting and my watch had kept,
As if for some dear friend I wept,
And mourned in sackcloth o'er their pain
With prayers that came to me again.

As one in sorrow's garb I went,
As one with sorrow bowed and bent,
Who wails a brother's woeful doom,
Or slowly seeks a mother's tomb.

But when they saw me sore distress'd,
Round with malignant joy they press'd:
Then scoffed the basest of the base,
And gnashed against me, face to face.

How long, O Lord, shall vengeance sleep?
Oh, save me from the lion's leap,
That I may lift thy praises loud
Amid thy people's joyous crowd.

Let not my ruthless foes exult,
Nor their sad victim's wreck insult,
And o'er me wink the scornful eye,
And utter the triumphant cry.

No peace is theirs, but baleful lies
Against the peaceful they devise;
And shout, with hatred's mocking mien,
"Aha! aha! our eyes have seen!"

Thou too hast seen, O God most high;
Oh stand, nor stand in silence, nigh!
Lift in my cause thy vengeful rod:
Awake, arise, my Lord and God!

Let thine own truth my doom decide,
Nor yield me to the hosts of pride,
That cry, "Aha, we won the day!
We conquered and devoured the prey!"

Let shame and woe enrobe them all,
Who long to glory in my fall,
While they that ask my just success,
With pealing songs thy name shall bless.

Blest be the Lord, who bows his ear,
To whom his servants' peace is dear!
Thus shall they chant, and all day long
My heart shall echo back the song.

PSALM XXXVI.

My heart within me sighs
When man grows bold in sin,
"No fear of God before his eyes
Lets heavenly radiance in."

Beguiler and beguiled
With words as false as fair,
He scorns the wisdom undefiled,
Till all his guilt be bare.

E'en on his midnight bed
Black thoughts his bosom thrill;
And when he wakes, heart, hand, and head
Are ripe for works of ill.

Far as the boundless sky
Thy mercy, Lord, ascends;
Far as the rolling clouds can fly
Thy faithfulness extends.

Strong as th' eternal hills,
Thy justice holds its sway:
Deep as the depths old ocean fills,
Thy judgments' wondrous way.

Guard of all living things!
How precious is thy love,
That spreads the shadow of its wings
Our trusting race above!

Thy household's fulness sweet
Shall satisfy their dreams;
Till in thine Eden's joyous seat
They drink the living streams.

With thee, alone with thee
Life like a fountain dwells:
Thy light by which the light we see,
The darkest shade dispels.

To such as know thy way
Let all thy love appear:
To those thy righteousness display
Whose hearts are found sincere.

Far be the foot of pride,
And far the wasting hand!
And lo, the false transgressors slide;
They fall and ne'er shall stand!

PSALM XXXVII.

When sinners prosper, grieve not thou;
Nor eye their bloom with envious mien:
Like meadow flowers it soon shall bow,
And wither like th' autumnal green.

Trust in the Lord, and walk aright,
And in the land securely live:
Make His commands thy heart's delight,
And He thy heart's desire shall give.

Commit to God thy cheerful way;
Trust, and thy work shall well be done:
Thy justice shall shine bright as day,
Thy truth as noontide's blazing sun.

In patient faith stand still and strong,
And wait the arm that rules the skies;
Nor let the sight of prosperous wrong
Wake thy sharp envy or surprise.

Away with anger's jealous flame,
Lest evil tempt thy wrathful hand:
The proud shall perish deep in shame;
The patient saint shall hold the land.

A little while, and thou may'st seek
In vain the sinner's wasted hearth,
While in abounding peace the meek
Inherit all the blooming earth.

The impious, banded in their wiles,
Gnash their fierce teeth, and long to slay:
But God with scorn beholds and smiles,
For near he sees their evil day.

They draw the sword, they bend the bow,
They aim to pierce each upright heart:
On their own breast descends the blow,
From their rent bowstring drops the dart.

In righteous gains, though poor and small,
Is wealth beyond th' oppressor's gold:
Th' oppressor's arm shall powerless fall,
While God the good man shall uphold.

His constant care the upright guides;
And when distress o'erwhelms the earth,
Still o'er their home His love abides,
And plenty feeds them through the dearth.

E'en like the altar's passing fume,
Where bleeds the lamb and bleeding burns,
So shall the foes of God consume,
While love's free gift in wealth returns.

They whom the Lord stoops down to bless,
E'en though they fall, shall rise and stand:
The earth redeemed shall those possess
Who lean on His delivering hand.

Ne'er while from youth to age I trod,
For all that path was mine to tread,
Saw I the righteous left of God,
His offspring beggars for their bread.

He gives, and lends; and on his seed
Returns the blessing o'er and o'er:
Shun evil; do the upright deed;
And dwell in safety evermore.

For that just Lord who reigns on high
Loves and preserves the holy race:
And while they see the wicked die,
Firm is their own dear dwelling-place.

Wise words attest the good man's voice;
Judgment and truth his accents guide;
The Lord's pure law is all his choice,
No step of his shall swerve or slide.

Though sinners, at their secret stand,
Watch but to smite him to the dust:
God will not leave him to their hand,
Nor doom him to a death unjust.

Wait thou on God, and keep his way,
And thine the land in peace shall be;
And when the wicked shall decay,
Thine eye the doom fulfilled shall see.

I saw the sinner in his power,
As some broad tree o'erspreads the ground;
I passed again; the stately bower
Was gone, nor branch nor root I found.

Mark the pure man of upright path;
Peace waits him at his holy end:
While the fierce stroke of vengeful wrath
On leagued transgressors shall descend.

Then shall the Lord's almighty aid
His servants timely succour give:
And as their trust on Him was staid,
Safe in His charge their souls shall live.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Lord, not in wrath my sin reprove,
Nor let thy rising vengeance move:
For fast and deep thy shafts descend,
And low beneath thine arm I bend.

No healthful spot thine anger spares;
No member but the torture tears;
High o'er my head my crimes have past:
I cannot bear a load so vast!

My festering wounds, with loathsome breath,
Spread wide the tale of sin and death:
I bow, I sink; and all the day
I mourn along my dismal way.

For deep within I feel the pest;
There is no spot of health or rest:
O Lord, to thee my want is known,
Thou hear'st the unutterable groan.

Gone the firm heart, the arm of might,
Gone from mine eyes their pleasant light;
Friends go their way in sad amaze,
And brethren stand afar to gaze.

They spread their snares, who seek my life;
They plan deceit, and utter strife;
While, like the deaf, I bar mine ear,
And, like the dumb, nor chide nor hear.

For I will wait till thou shalt bring
Shelter and might, O Lord my King:
Lest thy proud foes and mine should see,
Shout o'er my fall and mock at thee.

My trembling spirit moans and faints,
Languid with penitent complaints:
And foes blaspheming round me throng,
In health and wealth and numbers strong.

They hate me for my upright vow:
O Lord my God, depart not thou!
Be near me in my hour of need;
My Lord, my Saviour, come with speed!

PSALM XXXIX.

I said, "My mouth shall hold its guard,
My lips shall feel their portals barred;"
And while the impious gathered round,
Not e'en for good I uttered sound;
Till forth the flame long smothered broke,
And thus, with tongue released, I spoke.

Lord, let me know my term of days,
The measure of these weary ways!
Lo, thou hast made my years a span;
And frail the firmest step of man,
While here he walks mid shadows vain,
And heaps for hands unknown his gain.

Where, then, shall wait my soul's desire?
To thee, O Lord, her hopes aspire.
Oh, save me from my sin and shame,
Nor let the godless mock my name:
But silent, though in woe, I bow,
For none the blow has aimed but thou.

Yet, God of grace, remove thy stroke;
Beneath thy hand my strength is broke:
Oh, when thou send'st the chastening doom,
How swiftly fades our beauty's bloom,

How sinks our glory and our toil,
As wastes the moth its fragile spoil!

Lord, hear my cry with favouring ears;
In pity mark my swelling tears,
While, like my fathers, to the dead,
A pilgrim stranger, on I tread:
A little while my strength restore,
Ere men shall see my face no more!

PSALM XL.

I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till He vouchsafed a kind reply:
He bowed to meet th' imploring word,
And heard from heaven my humble cry.

He raised me from the horrid deep,
He plucked me from the miry clay,
And fixed my foot upon the steep,
And suffered me no more to stray.

The wonders He for me has done
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise,
And others, to His worship won,
To hopes of like deliverance raise.

Blest is the man whose lips and heart
In faith's high confidence abide,
Who scorns the steps that turn apart
To ways of falsehood and of pride

Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The treasures of thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and thought.

No beasts, to sacrifice consigned,
Nor richest gifts, the Lord desires;
In vain for sin the offerers bind
The victim for the sacred fires.

But thou hast oped my willing ear:
Thy hand this mortal frame prepares;
Then said I, Lo, behold me here;
Each mark the servant's place declares.

I come with gladness to fulfil
The oracles thy words impart:
'Tis my delight to do thy will:
Thy law is written in my heart.

In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large:
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold
From uttering what thou gav'st in charge.

Thy witness true, thy saving health,
My tongue was never tired to trace:
Nor held within my breast in stealth
The tidings of thy truth and grace.

Then let those mercies I revealed
To others, Lord, be poured on me;
Thy loving kindness be my shield,
Thy truth my safe protection be.

For I with troubles am distressed,
Too vast and numberless to bear;
Nor less with loads of guilt oppressed
That weigh me downward to despair.

As soon, alas, may I recount
The hairs on this afflicted head:
My vanquished courage they surmount,
And fill my drooping soul with dread.

But, Lord, to my relief draw near,
For never was more deadly need;
For my deliverance, Lord, appear;
And that deliverance wing with speed.

Let shame and horror whelm the hosts
That fain would hem my guiltless track;
Let shame reward their impious boasts,
And desolation chase them back;

While those who humbly seek thy face
To joyful triumphs shall be raised;
And all who prize thy saving grace
With me shall sing, "the Lord be praised!"

So I a needy suppliant stand,
Yet sure that God regards my way:
Oh, my Deliverer, give command:
Saviour and Lord, make brief delay!

PSALM XLI.

Blest is the man who loves the poor!
The Lord shall keep his soul secure,
Shall save him in the evil day,
And guard him on his life-long way.

Thy blessing o'er his home shall smile,
And shield his breast from hostile guile;
And, when he bows his sickening head,
Shall comfort's downy pillow spread.

Such mercy, Lord, on me bestow,
And heal my soul from guilt and woe:
For now my foes blaspheming cry,
"When shall his name behind him die?"

And if they come and watch my pain,
Their treacherous words are cordials vain:
Their inmost heart has stored deceit,
And spreads it through the swarming street.

Their whispering lips of evil speak;
They boast the woes they long to wreak;
"Beneath an iron grasp he lies,
From that sad bed no more to rise!"

E'en he whose love had seemed so tried,
On whom my bosom trust relied,
Who sat and shared my household bread,
He lifts his heel to crush my head.

Lift thou that head, O Lord, and lend
Strength till the war have righteous end;
And since not yet their shouts resound,
I know thy mercy folds me round.

Thou keep'st my blameless steps aright;
In peace I stand beneath thy sight:
Bless'd be the Lord, our Israel's rest,
Forever and forever bless'd!
Amen, Amen.

PSALM XLII.

As pants the hart cool streams to see,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For God, the living God, my heart
With thirst and sighing pines:
When shall I see thee where thou art,
Where all thy glory shines?

Tears are my food, by night, by day,
While taunting foes upbraid;
"And where is now thy God," they say,
"And where his promised aid?"

I muse alone, in saddened mood,
For memory's dreams present
Bright days, when, with the multitude,
Up to thy house I went;

When with the voice of joyous song,
Within those courts I trod,
Where stream from far th' exulting throng,
To keep the feasts of God.

Why, O my soul, should wild distress
O'erwhelm thee even awhile?
Oh, hope in God: I soon shall bless
The glory of His smile.

And though distress'd my soul yet thinks
On God and Sion still;
From Jordan's banks, from Hermon's brinks,
And every lowlier hill.

Deep calls to deep with summons hoarse,
And bursting o'er my head,
The wild sea-waves with gathered force
A roaring torrent spread.

But when thy light, O Lord my King,
Has once dispelled the storm,
To thee at night I'll anthems sing,
To thee my vows perform.

God of my strength, how long shall I
Go mourning and forlorn;
Forgot, forsaken, left to lie
Beneath th' oppressor's scorn?

My heart is pierced from day to day,
As with a foeman's blade:
"And, where is now thy God," they say,
"And where his promised aid?"

Why, O my soul, should wild distress
O'erwhelm thee even awhile?
Oh, hope in God: I soon shall bless
With smiles, my Saviour's smile.

PSALM XLIII.

JUST Judge of heaven, against my foes
With might maintain my injured right;
And save me, while they round me close
Whom fraud and wrong and death delight.

The God of my stronghold art thou:
Why should thy mercy cast me off?
Why should I walk with mourning brow,
While my oppressors scorn and scoff?

Let me with light and truth be blest:
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

Why, O my soul, should wild distress
O'erwhelm thee even a little while?
Oh, hope in God; I soon shall bless
With smiles, my God's delivering smile.

PSALM XLIV.

Oft have our ears, great God, been taught
What for our fathers thou hadst wrought,
While with adoring minds they told
Thy wonders of the days of old;

How, when thy hand thy people led,
The heathen hosts before thee fled;
While, planted firm, thy chosen race
Took their deserted dwelling-place.

Not their own sword the battle fought;
Not their own arm deliverance brought:
Thy smile above their armies shined,
And they were strong, for thou wast kind.

Still, God of hosts, art thou our King:
Oh, still thine Israel's succour bring:
Through thee we push the wavering foe,
Through thy strong name we tread them low.

I will not trust my bow or blade;
Thou, thou hast driven their bands dismayed:
In God our boast on high we raise,
And shout His everlasting praise.

But thou hast shamed thy people's boasts,
And lead'st no more our routed hosts:
Whirled in tumultuous disarray,
We flee, we fall, a hapless prey.

Like flocks for food, our tribes have bled,
Or slaves in distant realms are led:
To heathen hands, and not for gold,
The Lord His heritage has sold.

The shout of scorn is ringing near:
The pagan laugh is in our ear;
They make our name their proverb vain,
And shake the head in loud disdain.

Shame bows mine eye where'er it turns;
With shame my blushing forehead burns,
Because the foes of God rejoice,
The bold blasphemer lifts his voice.

So dark has come our weary lot;
Yet is not, Lord, thy name forgot:
Thy covenant's bond we ne'er belied,
Nor heart or foot has turned aside.

Oh, could we e'er that name disown,
And spread our hands to gods unknown,
Must He not mark, whose piercing view
Looks all the heart's deep chambers through?

Yet crushed we lie on dragons' ground,
And death's dim shadows close around:
All day for thee we yield our life,
Like flocks beneath the slaughtering knife.

Awake, O Lord: why sleeps thine eye?
Arise, nor cast us off to die!
Why hides thy smile its golden light,
While scorn and sorrow load the night?

In dust our soul bows down and grieves;
Prone to the earth our body cleaves:
Oh, for thine own dear mercy's sake,
To our redemption, Lord, awake!

PSALM XLV.

While I the King's loud praise rehearse,
Indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the smooth-penned verse
That flows with ready art.

How matchless is thy majesty!
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
Because fresh blessings God on thee
Eternally bestows.

Gird on thy sword, thou Prince of might,
And clad in rich array,
With ornaments of glorious light,
Celestial pomp display.

Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true;
While thine avenging hand unchecked
Shall all thy foes pursue.

How sharp on them descends the dart,
Who dare thy power despise!
Down, down they fall, while through their heart
The feathered arrow flies.

Thy throne, O God, on pillars fast,
Forever shall endure:
Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.

Truth was thy love, and sin thy hate,
And therefore on thy head
Has God, thy God, in peerless state,
The oil of gladness shed.

Thy robes the wealth of myrrh perfumes,
Aloes, and cassia sweet;
And songs from ivory palace rooms
Thy princely presence greet.

And maids of many a royal line
With thy belov'd one stand,
Where, decked from golden Ophir's mine,
She smiles at thy right hand.

But thou, O royal bride, give ear,
And to my words attend:
Forget thy land and kindred dear,
And every former friend.

So shall the King have pure delight
In thine unfading charms:
Adore Him, while with sovereign right
He takes thee to His arms.

Her gift shall Tyre's rich daughter send,
Thy nuptial pomp to grace;
And Gentile lords shall lowly bend,
And sue thy favouring face.

Within how fair the queenly bride!
In robes with gold inwrought,
She comes all glorious to thy side,
By circling virgins brought.

With solemn joy and festive state
The triumph moves along,
Till the high palace spreads its gate
To hail the entering throng.

So, in thy fathers' honoured place,
Shall heirs of regal birth
Spread o'er each land thy holy race,
The princes of the earth.

Meanwhile shall my recording song
Go down to distant days;
And all the nations shall prolong
Thy never ceasing praise.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge, ever near,
Our help in tribulation;
Therefore His people will not fear
Amid a wrecked creation:
Though mountains from their base be hurled,
And ocean shake the solid world,
The Lord is our salvation.

The stream that flows from Sion's hill
Shall yet, serenely gliding;
With joy the holy city fill,
His presence there abiding;
The Lord, her glory and defence,
Will guard His chosen residence,
His timely aid providing.

Raged far and wide the heathen hosts,
And rose in warlike splendour;
He spake, and earth through all her coasts
Bowed down with meek surrender:
Lord of the armies of the sky,
The God of Jacob still is nigh,
Our shelter and defender.

Oh, come, and see each wasted land,
And all his deeds of wonder;
The tumult dies at His command,
He snaps the spear in sunder;
He breaks the bowstring and the bow,
And the war-chariot wheels lie low,
The smoking embers under.

Be still, and know that I am God;
All realms shall homage tender:
I stretch on high the o'erruling rod,
And earth its praise shall render!
Lord of the armies of the sky,
The God of Jacob still is nigh,
Our shelter and defender.

PSALM XLVII.

O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing:
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King.

He shall opposing nations quell,
And with success our battles fight:
Shall fix the home where high shall dwell
Jacob, the child of His delight.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpets' sound:
To Him let praises, praises ring,
And praises, praises still rebound.

Be all your skill in praises shown,
To Him who all the world commands,
Who sits upon His righteous throne,
And spreads His sway o'er heathen lands.

Princes and tribes of heathen birth
To serve the God of Abraham throng;
For His are all the shields of earth,
And His shall be her loftiest song.

PSALM XLVIII.

THE Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be praised
Where, in Mount Sion's royal state,
His sacred throne is raised.

The joy of earth, from far descried,
Her beauteous towers arise:
Along the mountain's northern side,
The King's fair city lies.

The Lord is known within her towers,
Of old their bulwark fast:
Kings, like the storm, led on their powers,
And, like the storm, they passed.

They saw, they wondered, feared, and fled:
So travailing mothers wail:
So burst the sails for Tarshish spread,
Beneath thine eastern gale.

Our eyes have seen, what once was told,
Of God's embattled wall:
The Lord of hosts has there His hold,
And not a stone shall fall.

O God, within thy temple's gate
Thy kindness we adore;
Great is thy name; thy praise as great
Shall sound from shore to shore.

Let Sion glory in that name,
  Her daughters all be taught
In songs His judgments to proclaim,
  Who this deliverance wrought.

Go round the towers on Sion's mount;
  Mark how they greet the sun:
Her palace portals note, and count
  Her bulwarks, one by one;

And to all times the story show;
  For still, within her towers,
As years on years forever flow,
  This mighty God is ours.

PSALM XLIX.

This lesson, all ye nations, hear,
All dwellers of the earth, give ear,
  Children of high and low;
Ye nameless band, and ye of race
Renowned, the wealthy and the base,
  Together mark and know.

My mouth would words of wisdom choose,
My heart true counsel deeply muse;
  I stoop, mine ear to fill
With a dark strain: my harp would try
A dim mysterious melody.
  Why should I fear in ill?

Why should dark days my spirit daunt,
When sins of traitors round me haunt?
They who on gold rely,
Who triumph in their swelling heaps,
None of them all his brother keeps,
None may redeem or buy;

None with his God his ransom clear:
Their soul's redemption is too dear:
Still paid, and still to pay:
Not one achieves a deathless doom,
An eye that ne'er may see the tomb,
Victorious o'er decay.

He sees the wise and foolish die:
Stern ruin grasps, beneath his eye,
The brutish souls and blind;
Their store, their might, to aliens cast!
Yet domes for evermore to last,
They build them in their mind.

Their tabernacles for all time
They rear, so dream they: town and clime
By their own names they call:
Yet mortal man in glorious state,
Where is he? will his greatness wait
Till dew of morning fall?

Is he not like each grazing beast?
All are cut off: their name has ceased:

Behold the way they walk!
O senseless! and in years to come
Men shall recall their fearful doom
With awed and wondering talk.

Even as a flock arrayed are they
For the dark grave: death guides their way,
Death is their shepherd now:
The just shall rule them in the morn,
The grave will waste their frame forlorn,
Nor rest nor home allow.

My soul from touch of deadly doom
The Lord redeems, and takes me home:
Then wherefore in dismay,
Though here and there one wealthy grow,
Or if his house all glorious show?
He carries naught away.

In death he leaves it all: his crown
Of glory goes not with him down:
What though alive he cheer
His soul, and call him great and blest?
And if thou make thine own the best,
The world will praise thee here:

Yet to the portion of his sires
That soul must go, th' ethereal fires
Never again to mark:
Man, thoughtless in his high estate,
With grazing herds may find a mate;
They perish in the dark.

PSALM L.

The mighty God speaks forth afar,
From peerless Sion beaming;
Alike where mounts the morning star,
And mid the sunset's gleaming:
He comes not silent, but with sound
Of storm and whirlwind sweeping round,
And fires before Him streaming.

He calls the heaven, He bids the dust
Its peopling millions waken:
"Bring all who owned my covenant just,
With vows and offerings taken!"
God comes on judgment's awful cloud;
The heavens shall tell His truth aloud,
By echoing thunders shaken.

"Hear, O my people, hear the voice
Of Israel's Sovereign pleading;
Of God, thy God, by right and choice,
But not thy victims needing:
Thy failing shrine I will not blame,
Nor ask a firstling for the flame,
Nor flocks nor bullocks bleeding.

"The forest beasts obey my will,
The mountain herds my pleasure;
The bird's wild flight o'er wood and hill
From me receives its measure:

If I could hunger, not from thee
The Lord of earth and air and sea
Would seek their ready treasure.

"Can slaughtered bulls my feast impart,
My cup the he-goat gory?
Upon mine altar lay thine heart,
And spread thy thankful story;
And call my name in trouble's hour,
And I will send my rescuing power,
And thou shalt give me glory."

But to the impious, thus saith God,
"Why name thy accents daring
The word which thou in dust hast trod,
My covenant sworn forswearing?
The thief, th' adulterer thou hast met,
And sate, and spread thy traitorous net,
Thy brother's feet ensnaring.

"Thus hast thou wronged all bonds of good,
Whilst I, my wrath restraining,
Kept silence, till thy scornful mood,
Th' eternal sway disdaining,
Defied high heaven with shameless brow,
As though thy God were such as thou,
All falsehood and all feigning.

"But I will load thee with thy blame,
Thy secret deeds declaring;
How oft thy lips profaned my name,
In vain their treachery wearing;

Hear ye, whose hearts your God forget,
Ere wake the wrath that slumbers yet,
To fix the grasp unsparing."

Think on the Judge from whose award
No arm the prey shall sever:
The thankful spirit pays its Lord
High praise and sweet, forever;
In ways of ordered duty free
Sure the felicity to see,
Which God shall darken never.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy, Lord! with guilt oppress'd,
I on thy loving-kindness rest:
Blot out the blackness thou hast seen,
And wash my guilty spirit clean.

Against thee, Lord, my sins arise,
Aimed at thy throne, beneath thine eyes:
Thy righteous sentence I revere;
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

From sin I drew this seed of death;
In sin my mother gave me breath:
But spotless truth thou seek'st within,
And there shalt cleanse the fount of sin.

Purge me with hyssop from on high,
And all my leprous stains shall fly;

And wash me where thy mercies flow,
And I shall mock the mountain snow.

Oh, let me hear thy sovereign voice,
Till all my aching frame rejoice:
My deep transgressions cover o'er,
And blot them to appear no more.

Create my inmost heart anew,
And give a spirit pure and true:
Nor cast me trembling from thy sight,
Nor let thy spirit take its flight.

Send thy salvation's joy once more,
And thy free Spirit's strength restore;
Then sinners from my lips shall learn,
And humbly to thy love return.

O God, my Saviour and my stay,
Take thou my guilt of blood away,
And ope my lips, and I shall sing
Sweet praises to my heavenly King.

Thou seek'st not victims at the shrine;
Else should thine altar smoke with mine;
A contrite heart delights thine eyes,
A broken spirit's sacrifice.

Let Sion, with thy favour blest,
Extend her glory and her rest:
And in thine own appointed hour
Thy Salem gird with wall and tower.

So shall thine eyes with favour see,
While righteous praise ascends to thee;
While at thy shrine pure gifts are laid,
And every duteous vow is paid.

PSALM LII.

Whence, man of lawless might, thy boasts
In evil power and skill?
The goodness of the God of hosts
Abides and triumphs still.

Thy tongue is like a sharp, smooth knife;
Thy soul to crime has clung:
Thou lov'st the murderous words of strife,
O thou deceitful tongue!

God in His hour thy might shall crush,
And root thee up from earth,
And in the land of life shall hush
Thy dwelling's echoing mirth.

The just the ruin shall survey,
With awe the judgment scan,
And smiling as in scorn shall say,
"Behold, behold the man;

"Him, who disdainful cast aside
Trust in God's succour strong,
Built on his wealth his towering pride,
And trenched himself in wrong!"

But I am like an olive green
Which God's fair courts enclose,
While in His love my heart serene
Has shelter and repose.

Thy deeds forever shall I speak,
And on thy name rely:
No happier lot thy saints can seek,
Than thus to live and die.

PSALM LIII.

The fool cries in his madness,
"There is no God above:"
Corrupt is all their gladness,
And guilt their only love.
When God in glory pondered
On all beneath the sun,
All, all had backward wandered,
And none was good, not one.

Oh, sinners vile and senseless,
Devouring, like the grave,
My people all defenceless,
While mercy none ye crave!
Wild fear your hosts surprising,
Shall work a strange o'erthrow;
And God, your pride despising,
Shall lay your banners low.

Oh, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Sion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!
With song and spirit burning,
Shall Jacob then rejoice;
And Israel's tribes returning
Shall lift a gladsome voice.

PSALM LIV.

Lord, save me for thy glorious name,
And in thy strength appear;
And let the prayer my lips would frame
Mount upward to thine ear.

For alien foes against me rise;
And men of spoil and strife,
Who set no God before their eyes,
Have waited for my life.

But lo, the Lord is on my side;
My God is nigh at hand;
With my defenders loved and tried
He takes His succouring stand.

My mighty foes, with all their rage,
That mightier arm shall slay:
Oh, let thy truth my battle wage,
And sweep their hosts away.

With free and thankful sacrifice
To thee, O Lord, I bend;
For thou hast saved me, and mine eyes
Have seen the welcomed end.

PSALM LV.

My God, thine ear indulgent lend,
While in distress I pray;
From heaven to hear thy suppliant bend,
Nor turn thy face away.

My soul, on waves of trouble borne,
Pours out its deep complaint:
Loud as the restless storm I mourn,
And midst the conflict faint;

While high the shouts of malice ring,
And proud oppressors rage:
While sorrows on my path they fling,
And fiery warfare wage.

My heart, amid the o'ershadowing gloom,
Is trembling as in death:
A terror as of coming doom
Suspends my quivering breath.

"Oh," I have cried, "had I the wing,
Like yon swift dove, to roam!
Then should my spirit upward spring,
And seek a peaceful home.

"Afar, in some untrodden waste,
Would I my shelter find,
And joyful to its covert haste,
And leave the storm behind."

They gird her wall by day, by night:
Rebellion stalks abroad
With woe, and proud disdain of right,
And treachery, and fraud.

It was no scoff of ancient hate;
Such taunt I scarce could dread:
No open foe grew bold and great,
Else I had seen and fled;

But thou, the chosen of my heart,
To whom my soul applied
To bear in all her griefs a part,
Her counsellor and guide.

Together, for one end allied,
In concert sweet we trod,
And still together, side by side,
We sought the house of God.

Let ambushed death their haughty prime
Sweep downward to the tomb;
For in their dwellings dwells the crime
That mocks the lingering doom.

But I to God my voice will send;
To Him at close of day,
And morn, and radiant noon, I'll bend,
To Him devoutly pray.

His arm shall all my sorrows close,
And lift me from the grave;
His arm, high raised o'er all my foes,
Omnipotent to save.

They will not turn; His wrath they dare;
They stretch their traitorous hands
Against the men whose peace they swear,
Against their covenant's bands.

Softer than milk, their mild words flow;
War fills the heart unseen:
Each word like oil-drops stealing slow,
Each word a faulchion keen.

Cast on the Lord thy load of care,
And tell Him every pain:
His outstretched arms thy soul shall bear,
And all thy griefs sustain.

The blood-stained men of fraudful ways
To death's dread gulf shall flee;
They shall not live through half their days,
But I will trust in thee.

PSALM LVI.

Have mercy, Lord! the panting breath
Of tyrant foes is loud:
Each day they pant to work my death,
Each day to battle crowd.

In God most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust:
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

The livelong day my words they wrest,
And all their thought is ill:
They watch the track my feet have press'd,
And wait to rise and kill.

Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
Thy wrath, O Lord, shall cast them down,
And all shall know thy hand.

God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect His ears:
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust:
Nor will I fear what men can do,
The offspring of the dust.

Thy vows are on me, God of grace:
I keep the pledge I gave
When looked my soul on death's dread face,
And thou wert there to save.

Wilt thou not still be by, to stay
My tottering feet aright,
That I may tread thy heavenly way,
And walk in life and light?

PSALM LVII.

Thy mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On that sole mercy I depend,
And to thy wing for shelter fly,
Till these wild storms have hurried by.

To thee, the sovereign Lord of all,
My champion in the heavens, I call;
Who wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy work undone.

From heaven protect me by thine arm,
And shame all those who seek my harm:
Thy love and truth shall hold me safe,
While fierce destroyers war and chafe.

My soul is in a lion's den,
My dwelling with ferocious men;
Their teeth like spears and arrows tear,
Their tongue is like a faulchion bare.

Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

Their toils were spread where I must go:
They bowed my soul, they trod me low:
They hewed the pitfall, laid the snare.
And lo, their feet are struggling there.

O God, my heart is fixed and bent
Its thankful tribute to present:
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory: harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

PSALM LVIII.

Say ye, whose tongues discourse so fair,
Do ye the right your laws declare?
Or sways the truth your steadfast mind,
Ye guides and judges of mankind?

Nay, but your lawless heart and hand
Spread acts of rapine through the land.

The impious from the womb go wrong,
And falsehood taints their infant song;
With poison of the asp imbued;
Insensate as the adder's brood;
Whose ears resist with stubborn will
The subtle charmer's subtlest skill.

Break thou their teeth, O God of might!
The lion's jaws in sunder smite!
As speeds the mountain flood away,
So let their faltering strength decay!
And when the levelled bow they strain,
Let the shaft shiver, aimed in vain.

As slimy snails along the earth,
As in the dark, th' untimely birth,
Swifter than flame from withered brier
That wraps the cauldron's sides with fire,
They perish, and the whirlwind's wing
Afar their ruined pride shall fling.

Their doom with joy the just shall greet,
And bathe in impious blood their feet;
Whilst men exclaim, "Behold, a meed
Is doubtless for the just decreed;
And sure o'er earth a God presides
Whose hand the rod of judgment guides."

PSALM LIX.

Avert, my God, th' impending blow;
Raise me above my haughty foe,
And guard me from the impious bands,
And save me from their blood-stained hands.

For lo, in ambush close they lie,
Bad men of might are gathered nigh;
And all against my peace combine,
Lord, for no fault or guilt of mine.

Without my blame they run, they speed,
And gird them for their murderous deed:
Then hide not thou thy piercing eyes,
But to my help, awake, arise!

Arise, O Lord, thou God of hosts,
God, in whose name thine Israel boasts!
Send judgment on the heathen crowd,
Nor spare the sinner, bold and proud.

Soon as descends the evening shade,
Their bands the city's rest invade;
Like famished dogs incessant howl,
And through the streets for plunder prowl.

Swords in their lips, aloft they rear
Their swelling mouths: "for who shall hear?"
But thou their madness shalt deride,
And laugh to scorn the heathen's pride.

Though strong my foe, in God's support
I find a stronger, surer fort:
Girt with His love, unmoved I stand,
And fearless view th' assailing band.

Thou wilt not slay them, O my God,
Lest we forget thy chastening rod:
A longer sign thy doom shall give,
And let them live as exiles live.

Their lips, which heaven and earth defied,
Shall snare them in their hour of pride:
Their slanders foul, their curses dread,
Shall light in vengeance on their head.

A flame shall waste them, sent from thee,
Shall waste them, till they cease to be,
And know that Jacob's God alone
Is Lord of earth's imperial throne.

Then let them through the evening shade
In bands the city's rest invade;
Like famished dogs incessant howl,
And through the streets for plunder prowl:

And let them for th' expected prey
From house to house insatiate stray,
And with their fruitless ramblings spent,
Their rage in hideous clamours vent.

But I, O God, will sing thy might,
Thy mercy with the dawning light;
In time of need my lofty tower:
My refuge in affliction's hour.

Thy praises, lo, my lips rehearse;
To thee I build the lofty verse;
My God, my strength, enthroned above,
The God of everlasting love.

PSALM LX.

O God, our armies thou hast left;
Their scattering ranks are rudely cleft:
Thy wrathful terrors fiercely burn:
Oh, in thy mercy, Lord, return!

Earth reels beneath thy vengeful stroke:
Oh, heal the breaches thou hast broke!
In hard, sad scenes thy people pine,
And drink confusion's deadly wine.

But still thy banner guides the fight;
There all who fear thy name unite:
O'er thy beloved its folds shall wave:
Then hear, and stretch thine arm, and save.

And hark, the Lord lifts high His voice,
And in His word my ears rejoice:
I haste, old Shechem's heights to scale,
And stretch my line o'er Succoth's vale.

And mine are Gilead's grassy hills,
And mine the fields Manasseh tills:
My helmet's strength are Ephraim's bands:
My sceptre rests in Judah's hands.

In Moab's streams my feet I lave,
And cast my shoe to Edom's slave:
Philistia, raise thy joyous cry,
To see thy victor lord so nigh!

But who shall lead our trembling powers,
And bring to Edom's battled towers?
And hast thou cast us, Lord, away,
And lead'st thou never our array?

Oh, give us help from all we fear;
For man's poor help in vain were near!
We march with God's victorious might,
And He shall crush our foes in flight.

PSALM LXI.

Lord, hear my voice, my prayer attend;
From earth's far distant coasts I bend,
With supplicating cry:
When the dark storm o'erwhelms my breast,
Then lead me on the rock to rest
That's higher far than I!

Long has my soul thy shelter found:
Thou wast, when foemen gathered round,
The tower of my defence:
My home shall thy pavilion be,
My spirit to thy wings shall flee,
And none shall pluck me thence.

Lord, thou hast bowed my vows to hear,
And mid the men who own thy fear
My heritage decreed;
And thou the king with life wilt bless,
With years of long, long blessedness
As age shall age succeed.

Eternal shall his peace endure,
In mercy and in truth secure,
Beneath thy guardian shield;
So will I make thy glory known,
And daily bending at thy throne,
My vowed allegiance yield.

PSALM LXII.

My soul for help on God relies;
From Him alone my safety flows,
My rock, my health, that strength supplies
To bear the shock of all my foes.

How long, then, shall your faithless breath
Conspire to work the good man's fall?
Soon shall ye totter to your death,
A broken fence, a beetling wall.

To cast him from his high estate,
They in false schemes of guilt rejoice:
They curse him with the heart of hate,
While blessings whisper in their voice.

But thou, my soul, on God rely;
On Him alone thy trust repose:
My rock and health will strength supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.

God shall His saving health dispense,
And flowing blessing daily send:
He is my fortress and defence;
On Him my soul shall still depend.

In Him, ye people, always trust;
Before His throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

Fickle the multitude and frail;
The great dissemble and betray;
And laid in truth's impartial scale,
The lightest thing will both outweigh.

Trust not the robber's ill won piles,
Nor boast th' oppressor's hoarded ore:
When round thy home rich plenty smiles,
Yet not in wealth confide the more.

Once and again, from God's high throne,
I heard the claim of sovereign might,
But mercy, Lord, is all thine own,
And each man's work shalt thou requite.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, my God, while morning beams,
To thee my thirsty spirit flies;
From wastes that feel no cooling streams,
For thee my panting bosom cries.

Oh, to my longing eyes once more,
As in those past and happier days,
That view of glorious power restore
Which thy majestic house displays.

Because, though life such joy can give,
Thy love must all that joy excel,
My lips shall bless thee while I live,
My lifted hands thy praise shall tell.

As at a feast of rich delight,
My soul and tongue shall banquet free,
While through the watches of the night,
My wakeful thoughts are fixed on thee.

By thy right hand through danger brought,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I clasp with joy the succour wrought,
And there for future succour cling.

My soul's pursuers, fell and fierce,
Shall hide them in earth's deepest caves:
Th' avenging sword their hearts shall pierce,
The wild fox prowl around their graves.

So shall the king in God rejoice;
And they that swear by His great name
Shall triumph, while the liar's voice
In silence dies and endless shame.

PSALM LXIV.

While to thy throne my prayers ascend,
O God, incline thine ear:
My life from ruthless foes defend,
And still each rising fear.

Hide me when bands of fraudful men
In silence gather round:
Hide, when they shout and shout again;
A wild host's rushing sound.

E'en like a sword, their tongues they whet,
And aim th' unpitying dart,
The bitter words, like arrows set,
Against the blameless heart.

From covert close their shafts they wing,
And watch, to see him bleed;
They fear not when they draw the string,
Nor tremble at the deed.

Together, with confederate aim,
From sin to sin they go;
They search, and search, their wiles to frame,
And "Who," they say, "shall know?"

Each way of wickedness they mark
With glad and eager eye:
The mazes of their soul are dark,
And deep their counsels lie.

In vain! From God's avenging hand
A shaft their course shall end;
And ruin which their tongues have planned
Swift on their heads descend.

Then all that see, with dread shall thrill;
Mankind shall hear o'erawed,
Muse on the judgment, and be still,
And own the work of God.

The just shall in the Lord rejoice,
Still trusting in His might;
They shall lift up th' exulting voice,
Whose hearts are pure and right.

PSALM LXV.

For thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat:
Our promised altars there we raise,
And all our grateful vows complete.

O thou who to my humble prayer
Hast always bent thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stay thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

Oh, happy is the chosen guest,
Who tastes thy temple's joys divine;
Whose spirit feels its perfect rest,
The fulness of thy sacred shrine.

By wondrous acts, O God most just,
Have we thy gracious answer found;
In thee remotest nations trust,
And those whom ocean's waves surround.

Strength girds thee, and the mountains stand
Fast fixed by thee: along the shore
Sink the loud waves at thy command,
And sinks the warring nations' roar.

The dwellers in the lands afar
Fear at the tokens of thy might:
The morning and the evening star
Go forth rejoicing in thy light.

Thou look'st on earth, and trickling rain
Flows from thy depth's exhaustless wave;
And then up springs the golden grain,
And tells what wealth thy bounty gave.

The furrows stream, the ridges break,
The softening mould the shower receives;
Ten thousand drops its thirst must slake,
And every drop a blessing leaves.

Thy mercies all the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds shed fatness down;

Shed on wild wastes and mountain rocks;
And wide the verdant pastures spring,
The hillsides gleam with snowy flocks,
And waving valleys shout and sing.

PSALM LXVI.

Let all the lands with glad acclaim
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of His name,
And spread His glorious praise;

And say, How dreadful, Lord, art thou!
Thy foes thy might shall own;
And all the earth shall lowly bow,
And sing thy name alone.

Come, see the awful works of God!
He made the deep sea dry:
On foot, unwet, th' abyss they trod,
With joy's triumphant cry.

He rules forever by His might;
His eyes the world survey:
Let no rebellious hosts unite
Against His sovereign sway.

Oh, praise our God, and let the strain
Ring out to every land:
By Him our souls in life remain,
And firm our footsteps stand.

For thou, O God, our souls hast tried
Like silver in the flame;
The net our struggling members tied,
The burden bent our frame;

Hard on our necks th' oppressor rode
Through fire and wave we pass'd;
But thou to plenty's fair abode
Hast led our feet at last.

And therefore in thy temple bowed,
My cheerful thanks I pay,
And keep whate'er my lips have vowed
In my distressful day.

I promised gifts, and gifts I bear,
From forest, field, and stall;
The incense rising with my prayer,
My flocks, my herds, my all.

Oh, come and hearken, every one
Who fears th' eternal King;
And for my soul what God has done,
In order I will sing.

As I before His aid besought,
So now I praise His name,
Who, if I loved the guilty thought,
Would all my prayers disclaim.

But I will bless Him, and am blest;
For never, when I pray,
Scorns He the voice of my request,
Or turns His face away.

PSALM LXVII.

To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;

That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

Through all the earth, O God,
Thee let the people praise;
Let all the people all abroad
Praise thee to endless days!

Oh, let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

Through all the earth, O God,
Thee let the people praise;
Let all the people all abroad
Praise thee to endless days!

Then shall the teeming ground
Yield all its rich increase:
And God, our God, shall pour around
His blessing and His peace.

His blessing and His peace
Shall dwell amidst us here:
And earth's far ends from strife shall cease,
And learn His sacred fear.

PSALM LXVIII.

Let God arise, and strew afar
His foes before His conquering car;
Like smoke that drives when tempests blow,
Like wax beneath the sunbeam's glow.

So let th' ungodly's might expire
When lifts the Lord His glance of fire;
While o'er His people's joyous way
That glance shall pour celestial day.

Sing praise to God, sing praises high
To Him who rides the dazzling sky:
Before His path with songs proclaim
Th' Eternal and Unchanging name.

The Father of the orphaned heart,
Th' Avenger of the widow's part,
He, from His holy dwelling-place,
Sheds o'er the earth His succouring grace.

God brings the wanderer home in peace,
And gives the fettered feet release;
But far in regions parched and dry
Th' unhumbled rebels pining lie.

Lord, when along the desert sands
From bondage came thy rescued bands,
And thy bright path their marches led,
Earth shook beneath the awful tread.

The heavens their Maker's presence knew,
And fell in drops of trembling dew;
And Sinai heaved its pillars vast,
When God, the God of Israel, passed.

O God most kind, thy plenteous showers
Clothed thy waste heritage with flowers:
The weary sat them down to rest;
Then journeyed on, refreshed and bless'd.

The Lord the word of triumph spoke,
And forth the swell of voices broke;
Kings with their armies fled away,
And peaceful housewives shared the prey.

In servile bonds too long ye toiled,
The dove's fair plumes with dust were soiled;
But now ye spread each silvery fold,
And soar on pinions tipped with gold.

Like snow in Salmon, gentle dove,
What time, thou chosen of His love,
By thee th' Almighty scattered kings,
Against the dark heaven glanced thy wings.

The crags of Bashan touch the cloud;
Why scowl those envious summits proud?
A nobler mount than Bashan swells,
Where God the Lord forever dwells.

Mid twice ten thousand chariots bright,
Mid thousand thousand hosts of light,
The Lord His holy place maintains,
And high as once on Sinai reigns.

Thou hast ascended, Lord, on high,
And captive led captivity:
And thou hast searched thy stores above
For gifts of thy redeeming love:

Triumphal gifts for mortal man,
Here in his short and sinful span,
That God, with all His peace, might dwell
In rebel hearts, prepared so well.

Bless'd be the Lord, who, day by day,
With blessings loads our happy way:
The Lord our Saviour, strong to save,
Who opes and shuts th' imprisoning grave.

The Lord the head of pride shall bow,
And spurn th' oppressor's stubborn brow,
And crush beneath the wheels of wrath
The hosts that crowd the guilty path.

For God hath said, "I lead once more
From Bashan, from the deep sea shore;
The blood of foes shall wash thy tread,
And stain thy dogs' fierce nostrils red."

My God, my King, before our eyes
How fair thy courts, thy train, arise!
The dancing crowd, the timbrels sweet,
The virgin timbrel's measured beat!

"Oh, bless our God," so soars the song,
"Oh, bless the Lord, where myriads throng:
Whoe'er your honoured lineage trace
To the dear fount of Israel's race!"

There Jacob's last born marshalled stands,
And Judah's chiefs, with kingly bands,
The chiefs of northern Naphtali's host,
The chiefs of Zebulon's wealthy coast.

God has His people's strength decreed:
Confirm, O God, complete the deed:
Till kings with priceless gifts shall wait
Before thy Salem's temple gate.

The wild beast of the reedy shore;
The strong who idol calves adore;
Break down, O Lord, their proud array
Till all their humble tribute pay.

Rebuke their rage, and scatter far
The nations that delight in war:
Then chiefs shall come from Egypt's strand,
And Afric stretch her suppliant hand.

Realms of the earth, your praises sing,
High praises to the Lord your King,
To Him whose chariot is the sky,
The heaven of heavens spread forth on high;

To Him whose voice, whose voice of might,
Goes glorious from that world of light;
Who dwells in strength the clouds above,
And rules o'er Israel in His love.

O God, in sovereignty alone,
How dreadful towers thy heavenly throne!
So Israel's God His saints shall raise
To strength and power: be God's the praise!

PSALM LXIX.

Save me, O God! the waters roll,
And swell around my struggling soul;
I sink amidst th' unfathomed deep,
And o'er my head wild billows sweep.

With weary cries my spirit faints:
My voice is hoarse with long complaints:
My tearful eye has lost its ray:
So long I wait my God's delay.

For more than all my clustering hair
The foes whose causeless hate I bear;
The slayer's arm is false and strong;
I suffer where I would not wrong.

Thou, Lord of hosts, my soul canst see,
Nor lurks a fault unmarked by thee:
Oh, bring not thou to share my shame
The hope of those who trust thy name.

O God, the God of Israel's race,
For thee I hide my burning face;
An outcast brother, I must roam,
An alien from my blood and home.

Thy temple's zeal my breast inspires,
It wastes me with its sacred fires;
Contented though for thee abhorred,
And scorned of men that scorn my Lord.

Meekly my sackcloth garb I wore,
The gate's vile throng but mocked the more:
With tears and fasting while I pined,
I heard the drunkard's song behind.

But in an hour when thou art near,
My prayers, O Lord, shall seek thine ear:
Oh, let thine ancient love abound,
And thy salvation shield me round.

From the deep mire, and whirling wave,
And whelming foes, thy suppliant save;
Vain be the fury of the main;
Let the pit ope its jaws in vain.

Oh, hear me, in thy plenteous grace,
Nor hide, good Lord, thy glorious face!
Fast sinks my soul mid hate and grief;
Oh, hear and haste with thy relief!

My shame is all before thy view;
Thou look'st my foes strong legions through;
Reproach my bleeding heart has torn;
And weary and alone I mourn.

I gazed, to mark some pitying eye;
In vain, no comforter was nigh:
I longed for bread, and gall they gave,
And soured the bowl my thirst must crave.

Oh, let their board their bane prepare,
And every blessing hide a snare:
Oh, blind their eyes, and strike them low
With thy fierce wrath's avenging blow.

And be their home a blasted spot,
And be their tents a scene forgot:
Because they triumph in thy stroke,
And mock the heart thy rod has broke.

Oh, for their evil, evil send;
Nor with the righteous be their end,
Nor with the living be their place,
But blot them from thy book of grace.

For me, though poor and faint I lie,
My God shall lift my head on high;
And I my grateful hymn will bring,
And loud the Lord's salvation sing.

Such gift the Lord far less can scorn
Than slaughtered herds with hoof and horn:
The humble shall with rapture see:
And seek the Lord, and live, like me.

O God, who hear'st when want complains,
Nor spurn'st thy people's captive chains,
Let heaven, and earth, and every sea,
And all their dwellers, sing to thee!

For God shall Sion's walls restore,
And Judah's towers shall rise once more:
There shall His servants' seed be blest,
There they that love His name shall rest.

PSALM LXX.

O Lord, to my relief draw near,
For never was more deadly need:
In my deliverance, Lord, appear,
And that deliverance wing with speed.

Let shame and horror whelm the hosts
That fain would hem my guiltless track;
Let shame reward their impious boasts,
And desolation chase them back;

While those who humbly seek thy face
To joyful triumphs shall be raised,
And all who prize thy saving grace
With me shall sing, "the Lord be praised!"

But I a needy suppliant stand,
Yet sure that God regards my way:
O my Redeemer, give command;
Saviour and Lord, make brief delay!

PSALM LXXI.

In thee, O Lord, is all my trust;
Defend that trust from shame;
Be my Deliverer kind and just,
And vindicate thy name.

Oh, send me down thy rescuing power,
And let me ever flee,
And find my rock and sheltering tower
And fortress, Lord, in thee.

Deliver still, O God my King,
My soul from ruthless hands;
Where once I clung, there yet I cling,
Where all my succour stands.

Thy constant care was o'er the bloom
Of my soft infant days;
Thou wert my guardian from the womb:
Thine be th' eternal praise!

The wonder of a thousand eyes,
I seek thy refuge still;
And till my life's last sun shall rise,
Thy name my lips shall fill.

Cast me not, O my God, away,
When age has bared my brow:
Forsake me not, when, old and gray,
My faltering limbs I bow.

My foes behold my outcast state,
And counsels dire prepare;
They plan in many a dark debate
To lay the fatal snare.

"His God abandons him," they cry,
"Away with him, away!
No hope of timely aid is nigh;
Seize on the friendless prey!"

O God my God, on thee I call;
Oh, hasten to my aid;
Let them that seek my desperate fall
Sink, baffled and dismayed.

But I, through all my length of days,
Will on thy power depend,
And in high songs of grateful praise
My time to come will spend.

Thy righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare,
But tell not all thy mercies' wealth,
Though summed with utmost care.

Lord, in thy strength secure I tread;
My strength is all thine own:
Thy righteousness my tongue shall spread;
Thy righteousness alone.

For thine it was to train and try
My spirit from my youth;
And to this hour I glorify
The wonders of thy truth.

Now, when my locks with years are white,
Oh, leave me not forlorn,
Till to this age I tell thy might,
For ages yet unborn.

Thy righteousness, O Lord, how high!
Thy outstretched arm has wrought
All glorious wonders: who may vie
With thine eternal thought?

Me, whom thy hand has sorely pressed,
Thy grace shall yet relieve,
And from the earth's entombing breast
With tender care retrieve.

By thee with blessings circled round,
I touch the psaltery's string,
And wake to thee the harp's sweet sound,
O Holy One, our King!

My ransomed soul to thee shall frame
Her song, the livelong day:
For they are sunk in scorn and shame
Who would my life betray.

PSALM LXXII.

Thy judgments to the King, O Lord,
To the King's son thy truth impart,
To rule thy people, and award
All justice to the humble heart.

Peace shall adorn His endless reign,
As dews from lofty mountains shed;
And plenty, with its cheerful train,
O'er the green hills its mantle spread.

He shall avenge the poor man's wrong,
And give the desolate their right;
Shall break th' oppressor's armour strong,
And dash to earth his iron might.

Long as the sun shall light the noon,
His worship and His fear shall last;
Long as the still returning moon
O'er solemn night its beams shall cast.

As o'er the new mown grass the rains,
His grace shall spread sweet influence round;
As the soft showers which bless the plains,
And drop in life o'er all the ground.

While onward those bright ages glide,
The just shall bloom beneath His sway;
And peace shall roll its ample tide,
Till night's pale orb shall pass away.

From sea to sea, from Eastern streams
To utmost earth's untrodden end,
His crown shall pour its glorious beams,
His conquered foes in dust shall bend.

The desert tribes, the island kings,
With gifts from all their coasts shall wait:
Sheba and Seba, and the wings
Of fleets with Tarshish' golden freight.

All monarchs at His feet shall bow,
All realms His sovereign sceptre own;
For He shall hear the suppliant's vow,
And bend Him to the sufferer's moan.

Strong helper of the helpless soul,
He shall redeem it in the strife;
And fraud and hate, at His control,
Shall spare to touch its priceless life.

So shall He reign through endless days,
Mid Sheba's glittering treasures crowned;
And for His sake shall prayer and praise
Up the high heavens each day resound.

Lo, streaks of corn in all the land
Are waving on the mountain side:
Like Lebanon by soft winds fanned,
Rustles the harvest far and wide.

Lo, from the city, fresh and bright
As on the rural valley's sod,
Springs the fair seed which, sown in light,
Shall flourish in the courts of God.

The record of His glorious name
Sublime through endless years shall run:
And on shall shine His spotless fame
As clear and changeless as the sun.

In Him all nations shall be bless'd;
And Him shall all the nations bless:
The Lord, by Israel's race confess'd,
Whose wonders heaven and earth confess.

Bless'd be the Lord God evermore!
Bless'd be His name with long accord!
And be the world, from shore to shore,
Filled with the glory of the Lord!
Amen and Amen.

PSALM LXXIII.

Howe'er it be, yet God is kind,
To Israel, to the pure of mind;
And yet, my feet were near to sink,
My step but trembled on the brink.

For I was envious as I gazed
On trophies by ambition raised;
And pondered, with admiring eyes,
The triumphs of the worldly-wise.

No pangs their sense of death prolong:
Firm are their well-knit limbs and strong;
Nor theirs the heritage to share
Of human toil and human care.

And so with pride they fondly deck,
As with a chain of gold, their neck;
And so, as if with raiment dress'd,
Their frames with violence invest.

Their swelling eyes bespeak their store
Full to the brim, and running o'er;
High looks are theirs, and proud disdain,
And hearts corrupt, and speech profane.

Their mouth the arm of heaven defies:
O'er earth their tongue resistless flies:
While, stung with grief, thy people go,
And tears abundant mark their woe.

"How can the Lord perceive?" they cry,
"Is knowledge hid with God most High?"
For lo, the foes of God are these,
Yet wealth is theirs, and joy, and ease.

In vain I purge my heart's offence,
And wash my hands in innocence,
For lo, each morn renews my grief,
Nor brings the passing day relief.

Far hence, I said, the speech, the creed
Which so would wrong thy righteous seed;
Yet anxious still my bosom yearned,
Till of thine oracle I learned,

Their end and portion to descry,
How God's own hand has set them high,
High on destruction's slippery brink,
Till rapt beneath the wave they sink!

How in a moment of decay
They pass all desolate away!
How are they swept from earth, and brought
To ruin, as a thing of naught!

As to the wakened slumberer seems
The image of his vanished dreams,
So waking, Lord, shalt thou deride
The phantom pageant of their pride.

Thus heaved with sharp fermenting pains
My heart, and passion pierced my veins:
Untutored in thy sight, and rude
Even as the wild beast of the wood.

Yet still, O Lord, with thee I stand,
And still thou hold'st me by thy hand:
Thy counsel guides me while I roam,
And then to glory leads me home.

Whom else have I in heaven above?
On earth is none to claim my love:
None else in heaven can I require;
None else in earth is my desire.

My flesh and heart may fail and pine,
But God, my heart's strength, still is mine;
And they who scorned to walk with thee
From utter death in vain shall flee.

But I, with gladness meet and just,
On God the Lord have fixed my trust:
My heart has found its shelter there,
And longs His wonders to declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

Oh, wherefore mourn we, God of grace,
So long in exile from thy face?
Why should thy smoking anger sweep
So dark around thy folded sheep?

Think on the people thou hast bought,
The tribes thy rod from bondage brought;
Think on Mount Sion's royal halls,
And turn thee toward their wasted walls.

The foe's bold feet profane thy soil;
Thy foes rush in, all hot for spoil:
They shout within thy place of prayer,
And lift their victor standards there.

Once, he whose arm was strong to fell
In the thick forest proved it well:
But now the axe and hammer ring
Where down the chiselled work they fling.

They give thy temple to the blaze;
Thy name's polluted seat they raze;
"Destroy we all!" their hearts exclaim,
And all the land sends up the flame.

No house of God its portal rears;
No sign in heaven or earth appears:
No prophet pours a soothing song:
And no man's heart can tell how long.

How long, O Lord, shall hate revile?
How long thy foes blaspheme and smile?
Why lies thy armed right hand at rest?
Oh, pluck it from thy sheathing breast!

God is our King from days of old;
The earth thy saving strength has told:
Thy might the roaring waters clave,
And crushed the monsters of the wave.

It trampled down the dragon's head;
The desert dwellers saw and fled:
It oped the fount, and loosed the tide,
And mighty streams it checked and dried.

The day is thine, the night is thine;
By thee the sunbeams rise and shine:
Earth's utmost borders thou hast spanned,
And all the seasons praise thy hand.

Remember, Lord, the foe's disdain,
The fool's blasphemings, bold and vain:
Forsake not thou thy mourning dove,
But shield the people of thy love.

Think on thy covenant: every clime
Sees the dark holds of cruel crime:
Oh, turn not back th' oppressed in shame,
But let the lowly praise thy name.

Arise, O God; thy cause maintain;
Remember folly's impious train:
Forget thou not the guilty cry;
Each day, each hour, it swells more high!

PSALM LXXV.

To thee, O God, our vows are brought,
Our vows are brought on high:
The wondrous works thy hand has wrought
Proclaim thy presence nigh.

I wait th' appointed time from thee,
It shall not linger long,
When I shall speak the just decree,
And shield the meek from wrong.

Earth melts away: from land to land
Its fainting nations groan:
Earth's solid pillars trembling stand,
Upheld by me alone.

I spake unto the mad ones, Check
The madness of your scorn:
And to the proud ones, Bend your neck,
Nor rear your angry horn:

For not from Eastern climes or isles
Beyond the Western main,
Or where the Southern sunlight smiles
On many a desert plain,

Comes voice or might a doom to tell;
God calls it all His own:
His judgment shuts the captive's cell,
And builds the conqueror's throne.

The Lord's right hand a cup extends,
Red glows the wine within;
To sinners' lips His sentence sends
The penal draught of sin.

The madness of their triumph past,
The grief and fear remain:
With trembling heart they drink at last
The palling drops of pain.

But I, while time's long years shall flow,
Will tell this truth abroad;
And with unwearied lips will show
The praise of Jacob's God.

And I will break the horn of pride,
That would the heavens defy:
While righteous power shall still abide,
And lift its horn on high.

PSALM LXXVI.

In Judah's land our God is known,
In Israel's hosts His name is great;
In Salem shines His temple throne,
In Sion's mount His temple-gate.

There brake His hands the hostile bow,
And dashed its shivered arrows wide:
The shield and sword were trampled low,
And war's wild tumult sank and died.

With peerless might and glory crowned,
Thou see'st with scorn the proud array
Of rocky bulwarks girding round
The heights where robbers guard their prey.

The stout of heart were spoiled in flight;
A deadly sleep the warriors slept:
Not one of all the men of might
His hand's old strength or cunning kept.

God of our sires, at thy command
Chariot and steed went harmless down:
Thou, thou art dreadful: who can stand
Before the tempest of thy frown?

From heaven thy voice in thunder spoke,
And earth stood still, and heard and feared,
When God, for judgment's righteous stroke,
To save the meek, His arm upreared.

The wrath of man thy praise shall bring,
The stubborn remnant thou shalt stay:
Then, bear your vows to God your King,
And as ye vowed, your offering pay.

From far and near, before Him bowed,
Spread your best treasures, and adore:
For He shall quell all tyrants proud,
And daunt the lords of every shore.

PSALM LXXVII.

To God my cry ascends,
To God my eager cry:
I seek the Lord, whose ear attends
Though trouble clouds the sky.

All night my hands I spread,
Nor rest nor comfort bear,
Grief's wildest waves o'erflow my head,
And groans are all my prayer.

I think on thee and sigh;
My weary lips are dumb:
Sleep flies afar my straining eye,
That strains to see thee come.

I think on days of old,
On years departed long,
With mine own breast communion hold,
And wake my nightly song.

Then asks my anxious heart,
"Will God forever spurn?
And shall His mercy quite depart,
His smile no more return?

"Forgets the Lord His grace,
His promise pledged of old?
Or shall no more His heavenly place
Its gates of love unfold?"

But other thoughts reply,
O feeble spirit, stand!
Nor doubt the arm of God Most High,
The years of His right hand!

I call His deeds to mind,
His deeds of ancient days;
The footsteps of His might I find,
And tell of all His ways.

Thy fame my lips shall sound;
Thy glories still I see:
Thy path, O God, is holy ground:
What God is God like thee?

Thy might, O wondrous God,
Far o'er the nations beamed,
When first thy red right arm and rod
Thy patriarchs' sons redeemed.

The waters saw thee, Lord;
The waters saw thy look:
They feared to hear thy thundering word;
The depths high caverns shook.

In floods the clouds came down;
Thy voice was in the sky;
And mid the whirlwind's black'ning frown,
Thine arrows hurtled by.

Thy thunders rolled in heaven;
Thy lightnings lit the world:
And earth beneath thy feet was riven,
And ocean back was hurled.

There went thy steps unseen;
The waves withheld their shock:
Moses and Aaron passed between,
The shepherds and the flock.

PSALM LXXVIII.

Hear this my law, my people hear:
And give my words your willing ear;
My mouth shall lofty lore unfold,
My lips dark sentences of old.

Our ears have heard, we know them well,
The tales our fathers used to tell;
Nor shall our tongues forbear to trace
The record for our future race:

But times remote, the latter days,
The story of the Lord's high praise
Shall hear, and ponder with delight
His wondrous deeds, His arm of might.

His covenant He with Jacob sealed,
His love to Israel He revealed,
And gave our sires the charge divine,
In trust for their succeeding line:

That year to year, and age to age,
Might safe convey the sacred page,
And sons be born, arise, and speed
The warning, onward to their seed;

That on their God they rest them still,
And love His name, and work His will,
Nor, like their fathers, haste to wrong,
Infirm in faith, in treason strong.

So Ephraim's archers turned away
And fled in battle's burning day,
Forsook His covenant and His law,
Forgot the works their fathers saw;

The wonders wrought on Egypt's strand,
The signs in Zoan's plenteous land;
He cleft their pathway through the deep,
And piled the billows' rampart heap.

All day, where'er their journey led,
His pillared cloud before them sped;
And through the darkness of the night,
Above them hung His pillared light.

From desert rocks He caused the waves
To gush as from the ocean caves;
And gave them from the stone to drink
As from the river's grassy brink.

They sinned the more; and pride and lust
Denied the arm Most High their trust:
Their hearts the Lord's long suffering tried;
Their murmuring lips for banquets cried.

Can God e'en here a table spread,
Where all around is waste and dead?
He smote the rock, and waters gushed,
And streams through unknown channels rushed;

Can that same hand the cup that poured,
Heap high with bread our desert board?
Or all this languid host refresh
With generous food of strengthening flesh?

Then heard the Lord, and fast as fire
Through Israel swept His blazing ire:
On unbelief His vengeance came,
And hardened hearts provoked the flame.

For He had oped celestial doors,
And bade the clouds unlock their stores,
And poured down manna o'er the plain,
As in thick showers of blessed rain.

So man with angels' food was fed,
And nourished with celestial bread,
His were the garners of the sky,
And daily plenty ever nigh.

God sent through heaven the eastern blast,
And in His power the south wind passed;
And flesh, like dust, o'erspread the land,
And birds, like ocean's grains of sand.

Through all their camp it lay around;
At every tent it strewed the ground;
They seized, they ate, and full were filled;
For he had given them all they willed.

But ere their lustful tumult ceased,
The wrath of God disturbed the feast;
He smote the revellers in their pride,
And Israel's chosen bowed and died.

Again, again, they rushed to sin,
Nor all His works their trust could win;
And therefore sped their days and years
In fruitless toil, and many tears.

Roused by the terror of His rod,
They early turned, and sought their God,
To God their Rock they raised their eye,
To God their Saviour, throned on high.

But vain the vows their sorrow wrung,
And falsely prayed their trembling tongue,
Their treacherous heart was never true,
But far His covenant's bands they threw.

Yet oft their gracious God forgave,
He stayed His wrath, He longed to save:
He knew them flesh, a vapour vain,
A breath that goes, nor comes again.

How oft along the desert sand,
They grieved His heart, and dared His hand!
Oft and full oft their God they tried,
And Israel's Holy One defied.

They thought not on His rescuing stroke,
The day He dashed their foemen's yoke,
The wonders wrought on Egypt's strand,
The signs in Zoan's plenteous land:

He turned their healthful streams to blood,
They drank no more the sickening flood;
Dark insect clouds above them lowered,
And marshy swarms their land devoured:

The wasting worm laid bare their soil;
The locust reaped their annual toil;
Their vines to earth the hailstones bore,
Their spreading fig-trees leafless tore.

Their herds the tempest's prey He doomed,
Their flocks His fiery shafts consumed;
He sent them vengeance, wrath, and woe,
And angels came for ill below.

He gave His fury pathway wide;
The pest swept onward, and they died,
The first-born sons of Egypt's clime,
In Ham's abodes the pride and prime.

But forth, across the desert sands,
Like flocks He led His chosen bands;
With Him they marched, nor terror knew,
The whelming waves their foes o'erthrew.

To His own land their tribes He brought,
The holy mount, His right hand bought:
Afar He strewed the heathen hosts,
And Israel dwelt through all their coasts.

And still was God Most High defied;
Still turned they from His laws aside;
Back on their fathers' path would go,
And faltered like an aimless bow.

With idol shrines they mocked the Lord;
He heard, and Israel's race abhorred;
No more His light on Shiloh glowed,
The tent where God with men abode.

He gave His strength to stranger lands,
His glory to the conqueror's hands;
The sword amid His people fed,
And in His wrath His subjects bled.

Red o'er the youths the deathfire blazed;
No nuptial song their maidens raised;
Their priesthood fell before their foes,
And yet no widow's wail arose.

Then woke the Lord, as dreamers wake,
And with a start their slumbers break;
As strong men shout, who deep have quaffed,
Exulting in the joyous draught.

The Lord's long slumber was gone by;
Th' Almighty warrior raised His cry,
With shameful wounds He chased them back,
And endless scorn pursued their track.

But not e'en then on Joseph's tent,
Or Ephraim's tribe His choice was bent:
He chose the men of Judah's race,
He loved Mount Sion's holy place.

Firm as the heavens its base He cast,
Firm as the earth's foundations fast;
Then from the folds His servant led,
And set the crown on David's head.

He brought him from the bleating mead,
His Israel's flock to rule and feed:
He fed them with an upright will,
And ruled them with a shepherd's skill.

PSALM LXXIX.

O God, the heathen tread thy chosen soil,
Their feet pollute thy heritage and home:
The temple of thy holiness they spoil,
And lay in heaps thy Salem's tower and dome.

The forest beasts thy mangled servants tore,
Thy saints were cast to ravening beasts a prey;
Like water round Jerusalem ran their gore,
And none were left, the burial rites to pay.

Behold us now our heathen neighbours' jest,
The unbeliever's scorn, where'er we turn:
On us forever shall thine anger rest?
Thy jealous wrath like fire forever burn?

Oh, let that wrath the stubborn heathen taste;
Realms that nor know thy name, nor own thy power!
For Jacob's seed with ruthless hate they waste,
Destroy his cities, and his sons devour.

Oh, call not now our former guilt to mind,
But speed in mercy, for we all decay:
Help us, for thy sake, Saviour, God most kind,
And for thy glory, take our sins away.

Why should men cry, "Where sleeps their God?" Be known
In vengeance for the blameless blood they shed:
Hear in thy might the captive's lonely moan,
And change the doom that ranks him with the dead.

And sevenfold scorn on those proud bosoms heap
That scorned thee, Lord, in their blaspheming pride:
So we thy people and thy pasture's sheep
Will thank and praise thee while the ages glide.

PSALM LXXX.

O Thou, who still art Israel's Guide,
And Joseph's tender Shepherd, hear:
Where cherubs wait on either side,
Again in solemn state appear.

Oh, come while Rachel's offspring see,
And bare thine arm with saving might;
And turn us, Lord, once more to thee,
And smile, and all shall yet be light.

Lord God of hosts, when cease the years
Of prayer that vainly strives with woe?
Thou giv'st thy people bread of tears,
And bitter tears their cup o'erflow.

Our foes deride us while we flee;
Our conquerors o'er their captives fight;
But turn us, Lord of hosts, to thee,
And smile, and all shall soon be light.

Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's strand,
And drav'st afar the heathen hosts:
It hung its foliage o'er the land,
It stretch'd its roots through all our coasts.

The hills beneath its shadow rose;
Its boughs like stately cedars spread:
They towered where old Euphrates flows,
They stooped o'er ocean's western bed.

Why mourns it now its fenceless bowers,
Its grapes, the scornful passer's spoil?
The field's wild brood its fruit devours,
The forest boar uproots its soil.

To thee, O God of hosts, we pray!
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew!
From heaven, thy throne, this vine survey:
Her wasted state in pity view.

Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand has held so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

To wasting flames it lies a prey,
Its spreading boughs are smitten down;
At thy rebuke its charms decay,
And perish at thy awful frown.

Oh, be he crowned with good success,
Whom thy right hand has kept from wrong:
The Son of Man with victory bless,
Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

So from thy paths we shall not flee,
But live, and praise thy sovereign might:
So turn us, God of hosts, to thee,
And smile, and all shall yet be light.

PSALM LXXXI.

Sing loud to God, our Saviour strong,
And shout to Jacob's King:
Awake the timbrel and the song,
And strike the silvery string.

With harp and psaltery's pleasant tune,
With trumpets long and loud,
Rejoice beneath the early moon,
Amid the festal crowd.

For such the witness God decreed,
And such the law He gave,
To Jacob's sons, to Joseph's seed,
No longer Egypt's slave.

When, at His captive people's groan,
He came with judgments dread,
And forth, from realms of speech unknown,
Our rescued armies led.

I from the load thy shoulder freed,
Thy hands from servile clay:
I heard thee in thine hour of need,
And broke the tyrant's sway.

I answered thee from clouds on high,
Where storms and thunder hide;
I proved thee where, in deserts dry,
The rock poured out its tide.

Bear witness, people of my love:
O Israel, give thine ear:
Seek thou no other god above,
No stranger's idol fear.

Thy God and Lord, thy Saviour tried,
Th' Egyptian ransom gave:
Ope thou thy lips and wishes wide,
And all my bounties crave.

My people would not hear my voice,
My presence Israel spurned:
I gave them to their stubborn choice,
And where they would they turned.

Oh, had they listened, had they trod
Where God had been their guide!
Their foes had fallen beneath my rod,
Their tyrant's boast had died.

All haters prostrate at their feet,
That feared no wile or shock,
Their feast had smiled with lordly wheat,
And honey from the rock.

PSALM LXXXII.

Among the gods endued with might,
A mightier God doth stand,
Prepared to doom with judgment right
The judges of the land.

How long will ye with wrongful aid
Th' oppressor's cause protect?
How long, by meed or favour swayed,
The impious man respect?

Protect the fatherless and weak;
Defend the poor distressed,
And give deliverance to the meek,
By lawless power oppressed.

Learn will they not, nor understand!
In darkness on they go!
Quake all the pillars of the land,
And totter to and fro.

True, ye are Gods, ye Kings, I said,
And sons of God Most High:
Yet as the sons of men ye fade,
And like the nations die.

Arise, O Lord, assert thy might;
Pronounce thy just decree:
The heritage of earth by right
Belongs, O God, to thee.

PSALM LXXXIII.

Oh, not in silence, Lord, abide,
Nor let thine anger rest;
For lo, thy foes, with shouts of pride,
Lift high their impious crest.

Against thy chosen seed they stand,
And crafty counsels frame;
"Come, let us sweep from Israel's land
Its nation and its name."

Against thee, Lord, their power consents,
And there in league are seen
Ishmael and Moab, Edom's tents,
The desert Hagarene:

Gebal and Ammon, Amalek's hosts,
And doomed Philistia's plain;
While Assur's realms, and Tyre's rich coasts,
The sons of Lot sustain.

O'erthrow them, Lord, as thou of old
Didst Midian's arms o'erthrow;
As when the tide of battle rolled
By Kishon's ancient flow.

There Hazor's flower, and Jabin's pride,
With Sisera fled away;
Or lay in Endor, side by side,
As vile as vilest clay.

Like Zeeb and Oreb be their lords,
Who God's pure dome assail;
Like Zeba's and Zalmunna's words,
So let their boastings fail.

"Come up," they cry, "their walls are ours!"
But thou, my God, be there,
And whirl afar their broken powers,
Like chaff that loads the air.

As fires along the woody steep
And o'er the forest blaze,
So let thy wrathful tempest sweep,
And scatter wild amaze.

Be shame and fear on every brow,
Till they shall seek thy name,
Or crushed, confounded, helpless bow,
And perish in their shame.

So all shall praise thy name alone,
Jehovah, Lord Most High;
Who art exalted on thy throne,
Supreme o'er earth and sky.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O LORD of hosts, how lovely shine
The dwellings of thy grace!
How dear to me the courts divine,
That show thy glorious face!

My eager spirit longs and faints
The Lord's fair gates to see;
My heart and flesh with loud complaints,
O living God, for thee!

The sparrow finds her there a home;
The swallow builds her nest:
Around thy altars, Lord, they come,
And lay their young to rest.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly bless'd are they,
Whose daily feet thy courts have trod,
Who there thy praise display!

Thrice happy they who in thy might
Ascend the sacred road:
Who love the paths of purest light
That lead to thine abode!

Along the thirsty vale of tears
With vigorous step they go:
The early rain their journey cheers,
The sparkling fountains flow.

Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all in Sion, met at length,
Before their God appear.

Lord God of hosts, hear thou my cry,
Thou God of Jacob's line:
O God our Shield, with favouring eye
On thine anointed shine.

For in thy courts one single day
With richer bliss shall glide,
Than thousands give and waft away
In all the world beside.

I love the threshold of the gate
Where thou hast entered in:
More dear to me, e'en there to wait
Than rule the tents of sin.

For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
All blessings his kind love shall yield
To them that justly live.

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How highly bless'd is he,
Whose hope shall have its sure reward,
Reposing still on thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

Lord, from thine eyes the beams of grace
Have lighted on thy land;
And captive Jacob's rescued race
Adore thy saving hand.

Thy people's guilt is all forgiven,
Their sin is covered o'er;
Thy wrath's fierce storm far on has driven,
Thy smile has dawned once more.

O God our Saviour, turn us still:
Here, let thine anger end!
Or shall the clouds of vengeful ill
From age to age descend?

Wilt thou not turn, that, glad in thee,
Thy people's heart may live?
Oh give us, Lord, thy grace to see,
Thy full salvation give.

I hearken for the Lord's still voice,
And hear it gently say,
"Peace" to the people of His choice,
"But go no more astray."

His love, to them that fear him shown,
Their soul from death defends;
And glory from th' eternal throne
To dwell with men descends.

Prevailing mercy, truth unchanged,
Have kind communion sweet:
Justice and peace, no more estranged,
With answering kisses meet.

Truth from the earth is seen to rise,
And wide her branches throw;
And justice from her native skies
Looks forth on man below.

The Lord His blessing thus bestows,
And grants our land's increase;
While righteousness before Him goes,
And points the way of peace.

PSALM LXXXVI.

O Lord, bow down thine ear;
Poor am I, low and lone;
Preserve my soul, to thee still dear,
And holy, all thine own.

Thy trusting servant save,
In mercy hear my voice;
With daily cries thine aid I crave;
Oh, let my soul rejoice!

To thee its wings I lift;
For thou art good and kind;
And those who seek thy mercy's gift
That plenteous gift shall find.

On thee, on thee I call;
Oh, mark my meek distress;
And sure some answering word will fall
From thee to soothe and bless.

Among the gods is none,
O Lord my God, but thou:
No deeds like thine their hosts have done:
All realms to thee shall bow.

Thou mad'st them, and their praise
Thy glorious name shall own:
For thou art great, and great thy ways:
The Lord is God alone.

Teach me the path of light,
That truth my steps may frame:
My spirit's wandering powers unite
To fear thy sovereign name.

Thy praises, Lord my King,
My heart shall ever tell,
And thy redeeming mercy sing,
That shuts the depth of hell.

O God, the proud arise,
Th' assemblies of fierce strife:
Against thy fear they close their eyes,
And seek my helpless life.

But thou, my Lord above,
With radiant grace art crowned,
Thy truth and pitying patient love
Beyond our sins abound.

Oh, turn with aspect mild,
And nerve thy servant's arm,
And save thy humble handmaid's child
From those that seek his harm.

Some happy sign bestow
Before my haters' sight;
Till in my strength ashamed they know
My comfort and thy might.

PSALM LXXXVII.

God's foundation, shaken never,
On the holy mountain towers:
Sion's gates he loves forever
More than all of Jacob's powers.

Glorious deeds are still thy story,
City of the chosen mount!
Rahab now and Babel's glory,
With my brethren I will count.

Palestine, with all her regions,
Tyre, and Ethiopia meet:
There were born the sacred legions,
Brethren all in Sion's seat.

And of Sion shall be chanted,
"This, and this, was born in her:"
God's own arm her wall has planted,
Home of each true worshipper.

God shall say, her records reading,
"Here his heavenly birth had he!"
While thy bards and minstrels leading,
All my streams I trace to thee.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

God of my health, to thee my prayer I make
In the bright morn, and in the evening gloom:
Hear me and save! Afflictions o'er me break,
And my soul sinks with sorrow to the tomb.

As if the grave had closed above my head,
As if of strength and hope and breath bereft,
Outcast of men, they count me with the dead,
Rent from thy hand, and lone and helpless left.

Plunged in a dark abyss of wretchedness,
Dark as the night, immeasurably deep,
Hard on my soul thy angry terrors press,
And o'er me all thy surging billows sweep.

My friends deny me as a man unknown,
Or from my hated sight abhorrent flee;
In gloomy dungeon pent, I pine alone,
Nor beam of light, nor hope of freedom see.

Mine eye with grief is wasted: every day
To thee I pour my cries, my hands I raise:
Wilt thou thy wonders to the dead display?
Shall the cold dead arise and speak thy praise?

Shall all thy goodness in the grave be told?
Thy truth, where death and desolation dwell?
Thy wonders shall obscurity unfold?
Or mute oblivion all thy justice tell?

But, Lord, to thee my earnest prayer I make,
My voice salutes thee with the dawning day:
My God, my God, ah, why my soul forsake?
Why close thine ear, and turn thy face away?

E'en from my youth affliction wrings my frame,
Pain drowns my breath, and doubt distracts my soul;
Whilst, armed for death I see thy anger's flame,
And through the ravening storm thy thunders roll.

Fierce as a flood, thy terrors round me rise,
A circling sea of woes without a shore;
Each friend and lover at thy bidding flies,
And old associates go, and turn no more.

PSALM LXXXIX.

Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell:
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

For I have said, the heavens on high
Were fixed by thine almighty hand;
E'en so thy mercies reach the sky,
And as the heavens, thy truth shall stand.

Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice,
"With David I a league have made:
To him, my servant and my choice,
By solemn oath this grant conveyed;

"While earth and seas and skies endure,
Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
To them thy throne shall still be sure,
To endless ages they shall reign."

For such stupendous truth and love
Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who among the sons of earth
With our almighty Lord compare?

Thou God before whose heavenly state
Thy saints in sacred reverence bow,
Lord God of hosts, oh, who is great,
Or who enrobed with truth, as thou?

Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

And broken, like a battered corse,
By thee was Pharaoh's wrathful pride,
And scattered with resistless force
Each foe that thy strong arm defied.

The heavens are thine, and thine the earth:
Thou framed'st the land, and thou the sea;
Thou gav'st the North and South their birth;
Tabor and Hermon shout to thee.

Thine arm has empire all its own:
Thy strong right hand holds high its sway;
Justice and judgment rear thy throne,
And truth and grace prepare thy way.

Happy, thrice happy, they who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful voice,
Before thy festal pomp appear,
And in thine eye's pure light rejoice.

For thou our glorious strength shalt yield,
Thy love our lofty horn maintains;
The Lord is still our saving shield,
The holy King in Israel reigns.

In visions, to thy sainted seer,
Thou spak'st of old, "With succour crowned,
A Hero and a Head I rear,
Amidst my lowly people found.

"On David's, on my servant's brow,
This hand the kingly oil has poured;
His sceptre but to me shall bow,
My arm shall urge his conquering sword.

"No foe shall hurl him from his seat,
No tyrant mock his fallen state;
His foes shall tremble at his feet,
And I will waste the bands of hate.

"My truth and love shall guard his reign;
In my great name his horn shall soar:
His hand shall reach the Western main,
His right the Eastern torrent's shore.

"'Father and Saviour,' he shall cry,
'From thee shall my salvation spring:'
And I will give his birthright high,
My first-born's place, o'er every king.

"For him my mercy shall endure,
My covenant still its might maintain;
His seed shall rise in glory sure,
His throne as heaven's own days remain.

"If yet his children's wandering heart
My just commandments shall forsake,
From my unchanging paths depart,
And o'er the gracious boundaries break;

"Then on their sins the rod shall fall,
And chastening stripes their soul shall grieve:
But I will ne'er my truth recall,
Nor all my ancient favour leave.

"I will not break my covenant fast,
Nor change what once my lips have sealed;
My oath was once to David passed,
And falsehood ne'er that oath shall yield.

"His seed shall rise forever sure;
His throne shall stand, while yet on high
The sun or moon rolls on secure,
With each true witness of the sky."

But thine anointed leav'st thou now,
And look'st in stern abhorrence down:
Thou scorn'st his covenant and his vow,
And fling'st to earth his kingly crown.

And thou hast broke his stately wall,
And cast his rampart to the ground:
The passing step insults its fall,
And pride and hatred shout around.

Thou giv'st his foes the conqueror's stride,
Thou lift'st his tyrant's ruthless hand;
Thou turn'st his sword's keen edge aside,
Nor leav'st his armies strength to stand.

Thou sweep'st his glory to decay,
And heap'st his prostrate throne with dust;
Thou end'st in clouds his youthful day,
And shame envelops all his trust.

How long, O Lord, withdraws thy face?
Shall vengeance blaze, and never wane?
Oh, think how short my weary race:
And is thy gift of life in vain?

Remember, Lord, how short our span,
How speeds the hour when none can save!
Oh, where the power or art of man
To ransom from the darksome grave?

Where sleeps thy love all unconfessed,
The love, of old to David sworn?
Oh, think how long thy servant's breast
His load of false reproach has borne;

From impious nations hot with wrath,
From hosts that me and thee abhorr'd,
And curs'd thine own anointed's path!
Yet, bless'd forever be the Lord!
Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC.

O Lord, through rolling ages past
Our fathers' sheltering home,
And still our children's refuge fast,
Through rolling days to come;

Ere thou hadst reared the mountain's brow,
And framed this world of tears,
From years eternal, God art thou,
To still eternal years.

But man his last forgotten way
At thy commandment goes:
Thou speak'st, "Return, ye sons of clay;"
And each the summons knows.

A thousand years beneath thy sight
Like yester evening seem;
Like one short watch of silent night,
A slumberer's fleeting dream.

Thy floods sweep o'er us, and we pass,
As meadow flowerets fade;
Fair blooms at morn the waving grass,
And falls ere evening's shade.

For in thy wrath's consuming might
Our spirits droop and die:
Our secret sins are spread in light
Beneath thy piercing eye.

Swift, like a tale, is gone the space
Assigned to mortal men;
And scarce thy doom prolongs the race
To threescore years and ten;

Or if, by strength, some hoary head
Its fourscore winters bear,
Yet weak the strength, and sad the tread
That totters, worn with care.

So soon must life on pinions flee;
So swift our joys depart;
But who will all thy terrors see,
And fear thee as thou art?

Oh, teach us, Lord, to note the sum
That measures out our days,
That so our wandering hearts may come
To thy true wisdom's ways.

Return, O Lord! how long? how long?
Oh, let thy wrath relent!
Let morning wake our gladsome song,
And all be sweet content.

As thou hast given us days of woe,
And shown us years of ill,
So now thy light of glory show,
And all thy love fulfil.

And on us, Lord, and on our seed
Let thy fair favour shine:
Make thine the work our hands would speed;
Our hands' best work be thine!

PSALM XCI.

Who in God's pavilion holy
Once his peaceful home has made,
There may hide him safe and lowly
Underneath th' Almighty shade.

Lord, my soul on thee relying,
Finds her fortress and defence,
While thy might, all foes defying,
Girds me with meek confidence.

He His chosen shall deliver
From the subtle fowler's snare;
From the blasts that burn or shiver
Through the pestilential air.

For His pinions shall enfold thee
With a safe and downy rest;
And His truth as firm shall hold thee
As the shield that guards thy breast.

Thou shalt dread no shaft of danger,
Shine the sunlight or the moon;
Not the plague, night's ghastly stranger,
Nor the wasting flush at noon.

Thousands round thee prostrate lying,
And ten thousand at thy side,
Thou shalt see the impious dying,
And unharmed shalt still abide.

Since the shrine of thy salvation
Thou hast sought in God Most High,
To thy sheltered habitation
Ill nor peril shall come nigh.

God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

His command thy way ordaining
Leaves thee ne'er to sink alone,
Heavenly guards thy feet sustaining
Lest they strike against a stone.

On the lion, vainly roaring,
On his young thy heel shall tread;
And the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

Since with pure and firm affection
Thou on me hast set thy love,
With the wings of my protection
I will shield thee from above.

Thou shalt call on me in trouble;
I will answer, I will save;
For thy grief reward thee double,
Grant thee triumph o'er the grave.

PSALM XCII.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
Thy name most high to praise and sing;
To show thy love with morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night;

With harp and lute the chant to raise,
And strike the ten-stringed lyre of praise;
To wake the psaltery's solemn sound,
And pour rejoicing music round.

Thy works, O Lord, are all my joy,
Thy works shall all my powers employ:
How high thy glorious wonders rise!
How deep thy mighty counsel lies!

Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

For thee, O Lord, all heavens adore,
Thee, Lord Most High, forevermore:
And lo, thy foes from earth shall cease,
Thy foes, the impious foes of peace.

But strength above the wild deer's horn
Shall mine anointed head adorn:
Mine eye shall see those prostrate foes,
Mine ear shall hear their dreadful close.

Like lofty palms the just tower on,
Like cedars tall on Lebanon;
In God's own courts have still their place,
And flourish in all beauteous grace.

With spreading boughs, and spreading root,
Green in old age they bend with fruit;
The praise of God their strength to tell,
Whose righteous sway does all things well.

PSALM XCIII.

With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablished is thy throne,
Which shall nor change nor period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
The mighty floods lift up their roar;
The floods in tumult loud rejoice,
And climb in foam the sounding shore.

But mightier than the mighty sea,
The Lord of glory reigns on high:
Far o'er its waves we look to thee,
And see their fury break and die.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And like thine holy place above,
So shall the bosom here be pure,
Where thou shalt dwell in perfect love.

PSALM XCIV.

Lord God of vengeance, light the skies
With judgment's fiery cloud!
Thou God of vengeance just, arise,
And recompense the proud!

How long shall guilt, O Lord of hosts,
How long shall guilt rejoice?
How long the wicked make their boasts,
And lift their scornful voice?

They trample down the humble race,
And slay the seed oppressed,
The widow in her child's embrace,
The orphan, and the guest.

"The Lord shall never see," they cry,
"The deeds we have in hand:"
"The God of Israel dwells too high
Our work to understand!"

O souls most dark! behold, and fear!
How long refuse ye light?
Shall He not hear, that framed the ear,
And see, that gave us sight?

Shall not the world's high Judge chastise?
The Source of knowledge know?
He scans the thoughts that men devise,
A vain and fleeting show.

That man, O Lord, is deeply blest,
Thy chastening hand who feels;
To whom thy love, to give him rest,
Thy gracious law reveals:

To give him rest and shelter fit
In days of evil doom,
Till God for sinners in the pit
Have hewn out ample room.

For God will ne'er forsake His own,
Nor cast His saints away:
Till justice sit on judgment's throne,
While all the pure obey.

Who will rise up, my cause to plead
  Against th' oppressors' throng?
Who stand by me in hour of need,
  When evil men are strong?

Except the Lord had been mine aid,
  One moment—and my heart
In silence and in deadly shade
  Had found her helpless part.

But oft as I in terror cried,
  "Alas, my footsteps fail,"
I felt th' Upholder at my side,
  And still through thee prevail.

While many a roving dream and care
  Comes o'er me strange and sad,
My wild thoughts branching here and there,
  Thy comforts make me glad.

Canst thou the thrones of wrong maintain,
  That prompt the lawless deed,
Against the just draw forth their train,
  And doom the good to bleed?

The Lord our God, our Rock and Tower,
  Shall all their crimes repay:
The Lord shall wield the slayer's power,
  The slayer's self to slay.

PSALM XCV.

O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Oh, come, and let our songs accord,
To bless our God, the only Lord;
For high o'er every idol throne
The Lord our God is Lord alone.

His hand the depths of earth enfolds;
His arm the ancient hills upholds;
The ocean flowed at His command;
His word confirmed the solid land.

Come, let us kneel, bow down, and fall
Before that God who made us all;
For He is still our God and Rock,
And we His people and His flock.

To-day, to-day, His voice but hear!
"Oh, close not fast your heart and ear,
As when of old your fathers' pride
So long my lingering wrath defied.

"While on their desert march they moved,
My works they saw, mine arm they proved:
And forty years their guilt I bore,
Till that brief race was seen no more.

"They scorned to know my righteous path;
And therefore, in my settled wrath,
Since they despised my rest, I sware,
That they should never enter there."

PSALM XCVI.

Sing to the Lord a new-made lay;
Sing to the Lord the earth around;
Sing to the Lord, and day by day
Let His salvation's praise resound.

His glory to all nations show,
Till heathen lands His name embrace:
To all the tribes that dwell below
Preach the glad wonders of His grace.

The heathen gods are idols vain,
He made the heavens which He supports;
And light and honour lead His train,
And strength and beauty fill His courts.

To God, each earthly realm and tribe,
To God give glory, strength, and state:
To God, His name's due praise ascribe,
And come with gifts and throng His gate.

Serve God, O earth, in worship bright,
In the pure beauty of His fear;
Say how He reigns enthroned in light,
Till every heathen coast shall hear.

Earth's firm foundations, deep and old,
The Lord has fixed: they shall not move;
His righteous doom shall truth uphold,
And guilt o'erthrow, and all things prove.

Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice,
The peopled ocean toss and roar,
The plenteous fields lift high their voice,
The woods' wild hymn in rapture soar,

Before the Lord, their sovereign God,
For lo, He comes, He comes with might;
To stretch o'er earth His kingly rod,
And judge His heritage in right.

PSALM XCVII.

The Lord is King: thou earth, rejoice!
Isles of the sea, lift up your voice!
Thick, darkling clouds are round Him strown:
On truth and justice stands His throne,
A fiery stream before Him flows,
And wastes afar His fleeing foes.

His lightning shafts, in vengeance hurled,
Blaze lurid o'er the trembling world:
As wax before the searching flame,
The mountains melted when He came,
When He came down, whose sceptred sway,
Earth and her thousand realms obey.

The heavens revealed His righteous law:
His glory all the nations saw.
Shame be to them who prostrate fall
To sculptured forms, and vainly call
On a vile image, and no more!
Him, all ye gods, in dust adore!

Glad Sion heard with rapture filled:
Delight through Judah's daughters thrilled,
When thy dread judgments, Lord, were shown,
And all things owned thee King alone;
For earth's proud monarchs bend the knee,
And gods submissive bow to thee.

O ye who love the sovereign Lord,
Be evil in your heart abhorred!
They from His laws whom naught can move,
They His protecting care shall prove,
Nor shall the impious hand control
The freedom of the sainted soul.

Light on the righteous path is sown,
And joy around the pure has shone;
For them shall fruits of gladness spring:
Rejoice, ye righteous, in your King.
And, mindful of the blessing, cry
Praise to the Holy One and High!

PSALM XCVIII.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
His holy arm and right hand strong
Have glorious conquest won.

The Lord has through this earthly sphere
Displayed His saving might,
And made His righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

He thinks on all His truth and grace
To Israel sworn of old;
And His salvation, face to face,
Earth's utmost lands behold.

Oh, shout and sing, all realms of earth,
And thankful praise prolong;
Oh, wake to God the harp's high mirth,
The harp and voice of song.

Pour out the clarion's silver swell,
The trumpet's stormy tone,
The world's triumphant joy to tell
Before its Sovereign's throne.

And let the peopled sea rejoice,
And earth, through all her lands;
The mighty hills lift high their voice,
The waters clap their hands.

So let them join their Lord to greet,
Who comes in holy might,
To sit on judgment's awful seat,
And rule the world in right.

PSALM XCIX.

The Lord is King, enthroned on high,
Where radiant cherubs veil the brow;
The nations tremble at His eye,
And earth's strong pillars quake and bow.

On Sion's hill His court He keeps,
His palace makes her favoured towers:
But thence His broad dominion sweeps
Supreme above all earthly powers.

Let therefore all their praise unite
To bless His great and dreadful name,
And with His unresisted might
His sovereign holiness proclaim.

O King of Heaven, thy conquering sway
The righteous, whom thou lov'st, has led:
A law of truth thy tribes obey,
And judgments just thy glory spread.

Exalt the Lord our God, and fall
Low at the footstool of His feet,
For He is holy, and the call
Of ancient saints your lips repeat.

Moses and Aaron, prince and priest,
And Samuel, His prevailing seer:
The call of saints has never ceased,
The Lord has never ceased to hear.

From the cloud pillar's awful shade,
Moving or pausing, answer came:
For they His statutes kind obeyed,
And loved His covenant's sovereign claim.

Still answeredst thou, O Lord our God,
And thy forgiveness bless'd them still,
E'en when they felt the chastening rod
That drew them from their wayward will.

Exalt the Lord our God, and bring
To His pure mount your holy praise;
For holy is th' Almighty King,
The Lord our God, through endless days.

PSALM C.

With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise;

Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed:
We, whom he chooses for His own,
The flock which He vouchsafes to feed.

Oh, enter then His temple-gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press:
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CI.

Of mercy's gentle course I sing,
Of judgment's upright way;
To thee, O just and gracious King,
I pour the votive lay.

My constant feet, my faithful heart,
Shall blameless wisdom guide:
Oh, when wilt thou thy grace impart,
And where I am abide?

No lawless joy, no specious gain,
My dazzled eyes shall blind;
Nor deeds of impious men profane
Pervert my stedfast mind.

The heart that schemes of mischief breeds
To exile far shall go:
The hand defiled with guilty deeds
My soul shall loathe to know.

The tongue with secret slander keen
Shall feel my stern control:
I will not spare the haughty mien,
The proud, insatiate soul.

Mid them who plighted faith defend,
Entire on either hand,
Mid them mine eyes shall seek a friend,
Those loyal of the land.

No fraud shall lurk beneath my roof,
No false one dwell with me;
The lying lips must keep aloof,
Nor ope where I may see.

Swift shall my sword of vengeance fall
On all the impious train;
Till God's fair city's holy wall
Give back no step profane.

PSALM CII.

Oh, hear my prayer, and let my cry
Go up before thee, Lord, on high:
Nor hide thy face in utmost need,
But come in love, and come with speed.

My days, like mounting smoke-wreaths pass,
My heart is parched like withered grass;
A fire my fleshless bones devours,
And groans consume my fasting hours.

As pines the bird of marshes lone,
As makes the desert owl her moan,
As from the tower the sparrow cries,
So pours my soul its anxious sighs.

My foes' reproach each day I bear;
My banded foes destruction swear;
And ashes strew my lowly board,
And tears amidst my cup are poured.

Thy chastening wrath has sent the blow;
Thou lift'st me high, and lay'st me low;
My days like fleeting shadows fly,
And parched like withering grass I lie.

But thou forever art the same;
Age tells to age thy wondrous fame:
And thou shalt yet for Sion rise,
And view her wastes with pitying eyes.

Now hastes the time, the time fulfilled,
The Lord His city's walls shall build;
Thy servants watch her prostrate towers,
And love the dust that hides her bowers.

Then, when her head thy Sion rears,
And God's own glorious arm appears,
All kings of earth shall praise thy throne,
All realms shall worship thee alone.

For God shall hear the humble prayer,
And make the sufferer's cause His care,
Till distant times His praise record,
And unborn nations bless our Lord.

From His high, holy place above
Looks o'er the earth the Lord of love,
And hears the captive's lowly sigh,
And saves the guiltless, doomed to die.

So, Sion's mount His name shall tell,
So, Salem's towers His praise shall swell,
While tribes and realms before Him throng,
And serve Him with one heart and song.

He bowed my strength amidst my way,
And hung with clouds my fading day:
"Oh not," I cried, "so swift, so soon!
Remove me not, my God, at noon!"

Thy years their course eternal keep,
While ages on to ages sweep;
Thy might the earth's foundations laid,
Thy hands the heavens' bright arch arrayed.

They all shall pass, but thou shalt stand;
They all shall sink at thy command;
And like a vesture's crumbling fold,
Shall earth and heaven be wrapped and rolled.

But thou nor change nor end canst know,
And while thy years eternal flow,
Thy servants' seed thy light shall see,
Their children shall have rest in thee.

PSALM CIII.

Bless, O my soul, the Lord above;
A voice let all within me find:
Bless, O my soul, the Lord of love,
And call His mercies all to mind.

The Lord forgives thy guilty stain,
O'erthrows thy fierce disease's sway,
Redeems thy life from ruin's chain,
And crowns with joy thy peaceful day;

With blessings sweet thy mouth supplies,
Thy vigour, eagle-like, renews;
And, when the guiltless sufferer cries,
His foe with just revenge pursues.

To Moses He revealed His path,
To Israel's seed His deeds of grace;
For, slowly moves His wakened wrath,
His willing mercy flies apace.

He will not evermore upbraid,
Nor stretch His wrath to distant time;
He has not all our sins repaid,
Nor given the just reward of crime.

For look, how far the azure sky
O'er earth and sea its arch extends;
So God's enfolding love on high
Above His sheltered servants bends.

And look, how far from East to West
The circling sun his journey goes;
So far our Maker's gracious breast
Our sins' forgotten burden throws.

As melts a father's bosom mild,
So melts the Lord o'er them that pray;
He knows how frail His mortal child,
And pitying sees our frame of clay.

The days of man are like the grass;
A flower that rises, fair and green:
The winds along the meadows pass,
And where it bloomed no more is seen.

But God's eternal love o'erspreads
The race that keep His covenant true;
And children's children on their heads
Receive His blessing's kindly dew.

He sends His righteous succour nigh,
And owns His faithful servants' call:
The Lord, whose throne is fixed on high,
Whose broad dominion circles all.

Oh, bless the Lord, ye angels strong,
Who hear His voice, His word fulfil:
Oh, bless the Lord, ye glorious throng,
Who speed to bear His sovereign will;

Oh, bless the Lord, ye hosts of light,
And far as e'er your chariots roll,
Let all His works adore His might;
Bless thou the Lord, my grateful soul!

PSALM CIV.

Oh, bless the Lord with all thy powers,
My mounting spirit, bless His name!
O Lord my God, how greatly towers
Thy sovereign throne in strength and fame!

A radiant robe of golden light
The Lord around His glory throws;
He spreads the heavens, His curtains bright,
His chambers on the deep repose.

He makes the clouds His awful car;
He rides upon the tempest's wing:
Like winds and lightnings, swift and far,
His mighty angels serve their King.

He fixed the earth's foundations old,
That shall not change while ages flee;
And like a garment's flowing fold,
He poured around the rolling sea.

High o'er the hills, without a shore,
Their mighty sheet the waters spread;
At thy rebuke, thy thunder's roar,
They hasted to their ocean bed.

Then mountains o'er the torrents frowned,
And vales the gentle brooks supplied;
Nor e'er again, beyond its bound,
Shall climb o'er earth the subject tide.

Beneath thy hand, the sparkling streams
Mid lonely hills their pathway burst:
There shuns the herd the noonday beams,
And there the wild ass slakes his thirst.

Along the banks, in shaded nests,
The air's blithe songsters sit and sing:
Thy chambers flood the mountain crests,
Thy works refresh each living thing.

Thy grassy meads, thy golden soil,
To beast and man their stores impart;
The joyous wine, the glistening oil,
The bread that cheers the fainting heart.

The trees of God, with moisture filled,
The ancient cedars, upward tower;
There the bright birds their refuge build,
The fir-tree yields the stork a bower.

Where loftier summits touch the sky,
From crag to crag the wild goats leap;
And safe beyond the slayer's eye,
Their mountain hold the conies keep.

God gives the moon her time to shine,
And shows the sun his downward way,
And, when the shades of eve decline,
He sends abroad the herds of prey.

Then, gliding from the dusky wood,
The lion's roaring offspring roam:
They seek from God their destined food,
Till morn's red dawn affrights them home.

The rising sun far eastward glows;
In dens the fierce destroyers hide;
And man to cheerful labour goes,
And plies his toil till evening tide.

Lord, passing number, passing thought,
Thy works were all in wisdom made:
Oh, how the earth thy hands have wrought
In living beauty stands arrayed!

And lo, the broad and mighty sea,
Where, small and great, its myriads stray!
There cleave the ships their pathway free,
And there the watery monsters play.

So wide thy works before thee stand,
And wait from thee their daily food;
They gather from thy bounteous hand,
And all that breathe are filled with good.

Thou hid'st thy face, they sink in death,
They vanish from the realms of day:
Thou stay'st the tide of vital breath,
And falls to dust the form of clay.

Thou send'st abroad thy Spirit's might,
And nature feels the kindling birth:
A new creation springs to light,
And joy o'erspreads the smiling earth.

Thus through all rolling ages stands
The Lord's most glorious power and care;
Pleased with the wonders of His hands,
The Lord shall time's drear wastes repair!

He looks on earth; beneath His sight
Earth's mighty bosom heaves and quakes:
His touch is on the mountains' height,
And forth the smoky volume breaks.

My soul and voice, while life shall beat,
Shall hymn the Lord in joyful lays;
My thought on God shall still be sweet,
And all my being shall be praise.

While men of guilt to death depart,
And earth shakes off the load abhorr'd,
Bless thou thy God, my grateful heart,
And, every creature, bless the Lord!

PSALM CV.

Bless God, whose praise the lay demands!
Recount His deeds to heathen lands:
Oh, let His acts your tongues employ
In grateful speech and hymns of joy.

Come, triumph in His name adored;
Joy to their heart who seek the Lord!
Still seek His saving might and grace;
Nor rest till ye behold His face.

Think on the wonders He has wrought,
The judgments pure His lips have taught,
O seed of Abraham's honoured line,
O heirs of Israel's call divine.

He is the Lord, our only God,
On earth His judgments are abroad;
He keeps His oath of old revealed,
His pledge to thousand ages sealed:

To Abraham given, to Isaac sworn,
In ceaseless faith by Israel borne;
"In Canaan's fields shalt thou be heir,
And make thy peaceful dwelling there."

Yet few were they, a feeble band,
And strangers in their promised land,
From realm to realm content to roam,
Each alien spot awhile their home.

But all their way he guarded round,
And checked the wrath of monarchs crowned;
"From mine anointed stay thine arm,
Nor do my holy prophets harm."

He called to famine to o'erspread
The land, and broke the staff of bread;
But first a just deliverer gave,
The bondman Joseph, sold to save.

In chains he lay; his guiltless heart
Endured the iron's servile smart;
Till, proved of God, his truth was known,
And justice spoke from Pharaoh's throne.

Then sent the king, and broke the band,
Sent the high monarch of the land,
And open threw the prison doors,
And made him lord of all his stores,

And gave him o'er his house the sway,
That chiefs might hear him and obey,
And elders to his counsels turn,
And senators his wisdom learn.

Then Israel came, th' Egyptian's guest,
And Ham's rich plains were Jacob's rest:
God made His fruitful people strong
Beyond their tyrants' maddening throng.

His love enraged th' oppressors' heart;
They watched His tribes with treacherous art;
Then Moses at His call arose,
Then Aaron, His pure priest, He chose.

Then Ham's dim land His wonders knew,
While darkness o'er their coasts He threw,
And when His word was still defied,
He rolled in blood their peopled tide.

Teemed all their land with slimy swarms,
Teemed regal halls with loathsome forms:
He spoke, and flies o'erspread their coasts,
And lived the dust in noisome hosts.

He gave them hail for dewy rains,
He swept with flame their fertile plains;
The vine, the fig, His tempests tare,
And bowed to earth their branches bare.

Th' unnumbered worm and locust preyed
On their fair gardens' joyous shade;
And last, the sword of vengeance swept,
And Egypt o'er her first-born wept.

No feeble frame their tribes enrolled,
No want of silver there, or gold;
And joy was on th' Egyptian's heart,
When he beheld their train depart.

God led their march; his cloud by day,
His fire by night, o'erhung their way:
They asked for bread, from heaven it fell,
And in the desert gushed the well.

Such wonders shone on mortal view,
So proved the Lord His promise true:
On Abraham, on His word, He thought,
And forth with joy His chosen brought.

He fixed their home on Gentile soil;
They reaped the fields of heathen toil:
Oh, taught so well to love His ways,
And keep His word, give God the praise!

PSALM CVI.

Praise ye the Lord! with grateful lays
His love, His endless mercy praise!
Who can express thy deeds of might,
Or tell thy glorious reign aright?

How blest are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray!
O Lord, on me in mercy shine,
And be thy people's portion mine.

When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me;
That I may see thy saints rejoice,
And aid their triumph with my voice.

But we have sinned: with dread accord
Our sires and we have mocked the Lord:
Our sires rebelled, nor longer thought
On the great deeds in Egypt wrought;

They trespassed by the Red Sea's wave,
But there His arm was nigh to save;
He saved them for His own great name,
And spread afar His sovereign fame.

At His rebuke the waters fled,
And on His marshalled hosts He led,
On through the safely arching main,
As o'er a desert's sandy plain.

Dark o'er their foes the flood came down;
Not one was left, nor crest nor crown:
Then high the song of triumph soared.
And God's true word His tribes adored.

But ah, how soon, redeemed from harm,
Their hearts forgot His rescuing arm!
They asked no more that counsel true,
But fierce desire to madness grew.

They cried for bread with rebel haste;
Thankless, they murmured in the waste;
He gave them all their lust could crave,
But lust's own plagues in vengeance gave.

In peaceful tents secure they lay,
And envied Moses' guardian sway,
And envied Aaron's priestly rod,
And dared th' avenging stroke of God.

Earth opened, and the guilty died,
Dathan, Abiram's men of pride:
A fire along their ranks was showered,
And flames the impious band devoured.

At Horeb's mount a calf they made,
And to the molten image prayed;
And planted in God's glorious seat,
The beast that grazes at our feet.

Forgotten was their Saviour strong
Who bare them safe from Egypt's wrong,
Who showed His might in Ham's dark land,
His terrors by the Red Sea strand.

Then said the Lord His awful doom,
To sweep them to their common tomb:
But from the breach His prophet spoke,
And stood, and turned aside the stroke.

They scorned the land of fair delight:
They would not trust His promised might:
Within their tents secure they lay,
And cast their God's true words away.

Then reared the Lord His hand, and sware
To waste their rebel armies there;
To strew them on the desert sands,
And drive their seed to distant lands.

They bowed to Peor's imaged lord,
And ate the idol feasts abhorred;
Till, tried so long, His wrath awoke,
And forth the plague of judgment broke.

But Phineas rose, with vengeful spear,
And smote with righteous doom severe.
And stayed the pest: through endless days
That deed most just shall waft his praise.

They strove beside the Fount of Strife,
And Moses paid for them his life,
For then their guilt his spirit stung,
Till rashly spoke his erring tongue.

They spared the race whom God would slay:
They learned the Pagan's impious way:
At idol shrines they made their prayer,
And slumbered in the heathen's snare.

To Canaan's demon gods they bore
Their murdered sons' and daughters' gore;
Blood, guiltless blood, their shores profaned.
Their offspring's blood their garments stained.

Their works of guilt, their ways of guile,
Estranged the Lord's protecting smile;
Red o'er their tribes His wrath arose;
He loathed the realm which once He chose.

He gave them to the heathen's rod;
Stern on their necks th' oppressors trod:
And fast the crushing chain was riven,
So oft they sinned, so oft forgiven.

For still they chose their evil will,
And through their pride were humbled still;
But when He saw their contrite tears,
He heard their cry with pitying ears.

Then all His covenant sworn returned,
And all His ancient mercy burned;
And e'en within their foemen's heart
He bade the streams of pity start.

Still save us, Lord, and Israel's bands
Redeem and lead from heathen lands;
Thy sovereign name in songs to raise,
And triumph in thy holy praise.

Let Israel's God be ever bless'd;
His name eternally confess'd;
Let all His saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens: Praise ye the Lord!

PSALM CVII.

Praise the Lord; for good is He,
And His mercies, ever sure,
Flowing from eternity,
To eternity endure.

Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gleaned afar from every land,
As the people of His choice
Won from the oppressors' hand;

Brought from Eastern empires forth,
From the far-off Western main,
From the cold climes of the North,
From the Southern sunbeams' reign.

In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungering, fainting by the way,
Far from shelter and from home;

Then He hears the pilgrims' cry,
Bears them from their weary woes,
Leads them by a pathway nigh,
To a city of repose.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race,
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace!

For the hungering wanderers' moan
He has stilled with plenteous food;
And the spirit grieved and lone
He has satisfied with good.

Sad they sit in dungeon gloom,
Bound with sorrows and with chains,
Mid the shadow of the tomb,
Where perpetual darkness reigns.

For they spurned the Lord's control,
Spurned His counsel true and just;
Therefore He subdued their soul,
Bowed and helpless to the dust.

Then He hears the captives' cry,
Bears them from their fettering woes,
Bids the midnight darkness fly,
And the fast locked chains unclose.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race,
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace!

For He lengthens out their breath,
Breaks in twain the gates of brass:
From the bands and bars of death
Forth to liberty they pass.

Fools for their transgression groan:
Loathes their soul its daily bread,
Sick by sin, they pine alone,
Near the threshold dark they tread.

Then He hears the sinners' cry,
Bears them from their deadly woes:
Sends His message from the sky,
Health and succour strong bestows.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness to their race,
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace!

Let them their thank-offerings bring,
Sacrifice of heart and voice,
And His works of glory sing;
And in His pure praise rejoice!

They that toil upon the deep,
And in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty water sweep
With the billow and the gale;

They behold the Lord's high hand,
Wonder at His ocean deeds,
When, let loose at His command,
Far the howling tempest speeds.

Up to heaven their bark is whirled
On the mountain of the wave;
In a moment downward hurled
To th' abysses of the grave.

Fears o'er all their members steal,
All their melting powers decline,
On the reeling deck they reel
E'en as men o'ercome with wine.

Then He hears the voyagers' cry,
Bears them from their dreaded woes;
O'er the quiet waves they spy
Glad the haven of repose.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness to their race,
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace!

Let the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet with one accord
In His courts on holy days!

Waters He o'erwhelms with sand,
Streams He makes a desert bare,
Wastes with drought a pleasant land,
For the guilt whose home is there.

Sands He makes a lovely lake,
Deserts bare o'erflows with springs;
There, his blithe abode to take,
Many a famished exile brings.

There they dwell once more in peace,
Sow and plant and reap the ground,
While their stately herds increase,
And their corn and wine abound.

Yet again, in woe and need,
Droop the helpless, and decay:
Clothed with scorn, a royal seed
Through the pathless wild must stray;

While above a thousand ills,
Lifts the Lord the righteous poor;
And as flocks on many hills
Spread their households all secure.

Then the just rejoicing gaze;
Guilt shall ope its lips no more:
But the wise shall mark His ways,
And the Lord's dear love adore.

PSALM CVIII.

O God, my heart is fixed and bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I my tuneful part to take
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

Let all the world thy succour see;
And stretch thy saving arm to me;
That thy belov'd in peace may stand,
Protected by thy kind right hand.

And hark, the Lord lifts high His voice;
And in His word my ears rejoice;
I haste old Shechem's heights to scale,
And stretch my line o'er Succoth's vale.

And mine are Gilead's grassy hills,
And mine the fields Manasseh tills;
My helmet's strength are Ephraim's bands;
My sceptre rests in Judah's hands.

In Moab's streams my feet I lave,
And cast my shoe to Edom's slave;
And o'er Philistia lift on high,
Conqueror and lord, my joyous cry.

But who shall lead our trembling powers,
And bring to Edom's battled towers?
And hast thou cast us, Lord, away,
And lead'st thou never our array?

Oh, give us help from all we fear,
For man's poor help in vain were near;
We march with God's victorious might,
And He shall crush our foes in flight.

PSALM CIX.

God of my praise, oh, be not silent now;
False impious lips my swift destruction vow,
Against my fame their faithless tale resound,
And hem my path with words of hatred round.

In causeless war they spread the murderous snare;
By many a curse give back a brother's prayer;
With ill on ill my purpose kind repel;
And hate the heart that loved them once so well.

Place thou a tyrant o'er his falling race;
At his right hand a fierce accuser place;
Condemn his cause in judgment's awful time,
And let his prayer but swell his load of crime.

Few be his days, and soon his sentence sealed,
And let another's hand his office wield;
Let his lone spouse forsake his wasted home,
And far for bread his helpless offspring roam.

Let strangers spoil his wealth, and none so dear
To give his children's woes a kindly tear;
Destroy their name from each familiar spot,
And let a few brief years their history blot.

Still let his father's sins before thee lie,
Still on his mother's guilt be fixed thine eye,
Nor let the tale of crime thy memory shun,
Till all their record cease beneath the sun.

For in his prosperous pride he would not heed
Sweet mercy's voice, nor love's benignant deed;
But towards the man of sorrows aimed his stroke,
And crushed to earth the hearts which thou [hadst broke.

He loved the curse; on him the curse shall be:
He chose not blessing; blessing far shall flee:
As round him curses like a cloak he drew,
So let them pierce his heart and members through.

Within, like searching oil or waters cold,
Without, a mantle's all-embracing fold,

A constant girdle girded to his breast,
The Lord's dread curse with mine accuser rest.

O Lord my God, in thy dear love be near;
With thy great name to save my cause appear;
Wretched and poor, and ready to depart,
Before thy throne I bow my broken heart.

Brief as the evening shadow on the plain,
Chased, as the locust from the ripening grain,
With failing knees and fainting flesh I tread,
And foes look on, and shake the scornful head.

Save me, O Lord my God, in mercy save,
And let them see what arm salvation gave,
And in thy deeds the sovereign Lord confess;
So let them curse me, Lord, if thou but bless.

Oh! when they rise, bring down their pride to
dust,
And let thy servant glory in his trust;
And let their towering heads with shame be
crowned,
And shame for robes of beauty wrap them
round.

My mouth shall praise the Lord in lofty songs;
Yes, I will praise Him mid adoring throngs;
For on the poor's right hand He stands to free
The guiltless victim from the unjust decree.

PSALM CX.

The Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
"Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
Sit thou in state at my right hand;
Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
And all thy proud oppressors see
Subjected to thy just command.

"Thee in thy power's triumphant day
The willing nations shall obey:
And when thy rising beams they view,
Shall all, redeemed from error's night,
Appear as numberless and bright
As crystal drops of morning dew."

The Lord has sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchisedek's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period know:
No proud competitor to sit
At thy right hand will He permit,
But in His wrath e'en kings o'erthrow.

He rules amidst his heathen foes,
O'er heaps of slain to victory goes,
And smites the lords of empires down:
But in the highway brook at first,
Like a poor pilgrim, slakes his thirst,
Then lifts his head, and wears his crown.

PSALM CXI.

Praise ye the Lord: our God to praise
My soul her utmost powers shall raise:
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, His praise shall be my song.

His works for majesty renowned,
His wondrous works are always found
By all true hearts, that love the sight,
And search with ever new delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim:
His truth, confirmed through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

The Lord is good: His deeds of grace
Shall sweet remembrance joy to trace:
His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all His servants' need supplied.

His covenant's truth shall still be told,
As in the glorious days of old,
When to the tribes His power was known,
That made the heathen homes their own.

Just are the dealings of His hands:
Immutable are His commands:
They, while the ages downward glide,
Like pillars of the earth abide.

He sent redemption to the slave,
And then His gracious covenant gave,
To stand through endless days the same:
Holy and reverend is His name.

Who wisdom's sacred prize would win
Must with the fear of God begin:
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do His will.

PSALM CXII.

Praise ye the Lord; and happy he
Who fears and loves the Lord's decree:
His seed on earth shall dwell at rest,
Strong, and renowned, and just and blest.

The streams of wealth his home shall fill;
Unchanged shall smile His righteous will;
While e'en in sorrow's gloomiest night
On him shall dawn a beam of light.

His heart at mercy's summons bends;
Righteous and kind, he gives and lends:
And while his lips by truth are swayed,
His love with answering love is paid.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground:
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fixed on God relies;
On safety's rock he sits and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.

His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glory's future harvest sowed;
Thence shall he reap his best renown,
An earthly and an endless crown.

The bad his bliss from far descry,
While their own visions fade and die;
And, frustrate of their threat'ned prey,
They gnash their teeth, and melt away.

PSALM CXIII.

Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!
Praise Him with a glad accord;
Praise the ever-glorious name,
From eternity the same.

Where the morning sunbeams glow;
Where they sink, the sea below;
Servants of the Lord, upraise
To His name your songs of praise!

Far above the earth and sky
Reigns the sovereign Lord on high;
Sways the nations with His rod:
Who is like the Lord our God?

But He bows to see in love
Earth below and heaven above;
Lifting sorrow from the dust,
Lifting high the humble just.

Such He bids with nobles stand,
With the princes of their land;
Bids the barren mother's hearth
Ring with childhood's song of mirth.
Hallelujah!

PSALM CXIV.

When forth from Egypt's trembling strand
The tribes of Israel sped,
And Jacob in the stranger's land
Departing banners spread:

Then One amidst their thick array
His kingly dwelling made,
Who all along the desert way
Their guiding sceptre swayed.

The sea beheld, and, smit with dread,
Rolled all its billows back:
And Jordan through his deepest bed
Revealed their destined track.

Like startled rams that head the flock,
The ancient mountains reeled:
Shook the proud hills their crests of rock,
Like lambs along the field.

What ailed thee, O thou mighty sea,
And rolled thy waves in dread?
What made thy tide, O Jordan, flee,
And bare its deepest bed?

Why reeled the mountains with dismay
Like rams that head the flock?
Why shook the hills, like lambs at play,
Their ancient crests of rock?

O earth, before the Lord, the God
Of Jacob, tremble still;
Who makes the waste a watered sod,
The flint a gushing rill.

PSALM CXV.

Oh, not to us, to mortal dust,
Is praise or glory due,
But to thy name be honours just,
Lord, merciful and true!

Why should the heathen scornets cry,
"Where hides their God so still?"
Our God is in the heavens on high,
And all things do His will.

Their idol gods are gods of gold,
Or silver fashioned fair:
Man gave them silent lips and cold,
That mock their votary's prayer:

Man gave them eyes that naught can view;
And ears that naught can hear;
And hands that no kind deed can do,
And feet that draw not near;

A nostril gave that naught can smell,
A throat that naught can say;
And those who trust them still so well
Are senseless e'en as they.

O Israel, trust the Lord your Shield;
O house of Aaron just,
The Lord your Shield your strength shall yield;
In His deliverance trust!

Ye that with God's pure fear are sealed,
Trust ye the Lord most true:
The Lord your Shield strong help shall wield
And every foe subdue.

The Lord shall give our hands success,
And think on Israel's race:
His love shall bless their house, and bless
The heirs of Aaron's grace:

Shall all that fear Him bless, nor cease
O'er small and great to bend:
On you and yours, with large increase,
All blessing shall descend.

He made the heavens' resplendent height,
He gave the earth its span:
In heaven He fixed His dwelling bright,
And earth he gave to man.

Not from the grave's still land shall songs
Thy glorious praise record;
But while His might our life prolongs,
Forever bless the Lord!
Hallelujah.

PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord: with thoughts most dear
My soul is all possessed,
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear
The voice of my request.

Since He has now His ear inclined,
I never will despair,
But still in Him my refuge find,
To Him address my prayer.

With deadly sorrows compassed round,
With pains of hell oppressed,
When trouble and deep grief I found,
And anguish racked my breast,

To God's almighty name arose
My cry for rescuing aid;
"Lord, save my soul, by woes on woes
O'ermastered and dismayed!"

Good is the Lord and ever just:
The Lord our God is kind:
And He that raised me from the dust,
Still loves the lowly mind.

Then, O my soul, from sadness free,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love expressed.

When death alarmed me, he repelled
My dangers and my fears:
My feet from falling He withheld,
And dried my eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining days
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in His dear work and praise
With happy service spend.

In God I trusted, though afraid;
From Him my boast I brought;
For mid my flight in haste I said,
"Men all are false and naught."

What grateful offering shall I bring,
What rich memorial raise,
To tell the blessings of my King,
Poured out on all my ways?

I take the chalice rich and deep,
And name the saving name;
My vows amidst His people keep,
And all His love proclaim.

Oh, precious in His pitying eye
His saints' expiring breath;
And dear, too dear for earth to buy,
The purchase of their death.

And now, O Lord, from bondage freed,
I to thy sceptre bow;
Before, thy humble handmaid's seed,
Thy ransomed captive now.

To thee I bring my grateful lay,
And name the saving name;
My vows amidst thy people pay,
And all thy love proclaim;

In courts that form the diadem
Round God's most holy place;
Within thy gates, Jerusalem!
Praise ye the God of grace!

PSALM CXVII.

Praise ye the Lord! Let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise:
And let all realms with godly mirth
Sing glorious hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound;
His truth shall ne'er decay:
Praise ye the Lord, who folds us round
Though all things pass away.

PSALM CXVIII.

Bless the Lord; for He is kind,
And eternal is His love!
Oh, let Israel hold in mind,
That eternal is His love!
Let the house of Aaron cry,
That eternal is His love!
Let His worshippers reply,
That eternal is His love!

On the Lord's almighty name
In my deep distress I cried:
He to my deliverance came,
He my prison opened wide:
He is with my guardian bands:
How shall man my soul appal?
He mid my defenders stands;
I shall see my foemen's fall.

Better to the Lord to cling
Than to hope in mortal dust:
Better own the Lord our King
Than in earthly crowns to trust.
Round and round their armies came,
Pressed me in on every side;
But in God's victorious name
I their armies scattered wide.

On, like swarming bees, they came,
But like blazing thorns they passed;
For in God's victorious name
Forth I swept them to the blast.
Fierce and deadly was thy stroke,
O thou unrelenting arm;
But the Lord's strong buckler broke
Every blow that meant me harm.

God, my Saviour and my trust,
Shall be still my strength and song:
And the dwellings of the just
Shall the voice of joy prolong:
God's right hand does wondrous deeds;
God's right hand is lifted high;
God's right hand to victory leads,
And I am not doomed to die.

I will speak the might of God,
While he lengthens out my breath;
For He sent the chastening rod,
But he stayed the sword of death.
Open wide the sacred gates,
Where the Lord vouchsafes to dwell!
There the just assembly waits,
There His praises I shall tell.

Thee, O Lord, my soul shall bless;
Thou didst my request allow:
Thee my Saviour I confess;
Author of my health art thou.

Lo, the stone which once aside
By the builders' hands was thrown;
See it now the building's pride,
See it now the corner-stone!

Lo, the work which God has laid,
Strange and wondrous in our eyes!
Lo, the day which God has made!
Let the voice of gladness rise!
Save, Hosanna! Lord, we pray;
Save, Hosanna! save and bless;
Lord, thy glorious power display,
Give us swift and rich success.

From the Lord's own temple's ground
Raise we now the glad acclaim:
"Bless'd be he who, conquest-crowned,
Comes in God's most holy name!"
Now the light of God our Lord
Radiant on our path has shined:
Bind the sacrifice with cord,
To the blood-stained altar bind.

Thou art evermore my God;
I will praise thee evermore;
Thou art evermore my God;
I will all thy love adore:
Ever from a grateful mind
Shall my song be borne above;
Bless the Lord, for he is kind,
And eternal is His love.

PSALM CXIX.

I.

How blest are they who always tread
The pure and perfect way!
Whose feet, by God's commandment led,
Can never go astray!

How blest are they whose steadfast heart
Still seeks the living Lord,
Nor from His paths will e'er depart,
Nor choose the deed abhorr'd!

As thou our souls hast charged and bound
Thy precepts to fulfil,
So, would that all my steps were found
Where points thy holy will!

Then unashamed, an upright praise
My soul shall lift to thee,
When all thy laws, in all my ways,
My changeless rule shall be.

With holy joy my breast shall swell,
When none shall be forgot:
I love thy blest commandments well:
O Lord, forsake me not!

II.

How shall the young man keep his youth
From all pollution pure?

By following still thy word of truth
With steadfast eye and sure.

One dearest wish my bosom feels,
From thee to stray no more;
One richest gain my heart conceals,
Thy word's exhaustless store.

Bless'd is thy name, O Lord my God!
To me thy laws unfold:
My lips delight to tell abroad
Whate'er thy lips have told.

Beyond all wealth of golden mines
Thy precepts are my joy:
The way where thy commandment shines
Shall all my care employ.

Of them I speak, to them I look,
There these glad eyes are set:
The sacred statutes of thy book
I never can forget.

III.

O bounteous Lord, thy servant bless,
Thine own requital give,
That, glowing with true happiness,
My soul may hear and live.

Grant me to view with eyes unsealed,
While here on earth I roam,
The wonders by thy law revealed,
To guide the pilgrim home.

My heart is ravished with desire,
And finds no other rest,
While to thy judgments I aspire,
And seek to please thee best.

Curs'd is the bold transgressor's path,
But I thy laws have kept:
Oh, turn from me the shame and wrath
That o'er the proud have swept.

Though mighty princes were my foes,
And sat, denouncing ill,
Thy precious laws for guides I chose,
And praised thee, and was still.

IV.

My spirit lingers in the dust;
Thy Spirit upward draws!
Revive me, for thy word I trust;
And teach me all thy laws.

I follow! O my gracious Guide,
Let every step be plain:
So shall I waft thy praises wide
In my enraptured strain.

But see, my soul within me dies,
Press'd down with care and grief:
Oh, let thy word's sweet beams arise,
To yield me blest relief.

Far, far from me be all false ways
And treacherous arts removed;

And let me love that path of praise
Which thou hast still approved.

There I have clung, and there would cling:
Lord, spurn me not from thee!
My heart shall speed on soaring wing,
When thou hast set me free.

v.

Teach me, O Lord, thy righteous way,
That I may ne'er depart:
Teach me thy statutes to obey
With whole and upright heart.

There let me walk where rests thy choice,
Where all thy truth is told;
And let me more in thee rejoice,
Than e'er in hoards of gold.

Oh, turn again my wandering eyes,
By folly far misled;
And give me strength toward thee to rise
With fixed and cheerful tread.

Firm in my breast thy precepts plant,
And shine with radiance clear;
And let the scorner's impious taunt
Instil no baser fear.

Lo, how I love thy judgments just!
Lo, how for each I long!
Oh, warm with life my sinful dust,
And make my virtue strong.

VI.

Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
Thy saving succour yield;
As in thy word of old I know
The sacred promise sealed.

So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
This ready answer make:
"In God I trust, whose faithful aid
Its pledge will never break."

Still be thy word, which cannot change,
To me forever dear;
And free and glad my step may range
In hope and holy fear.

Dauntless and not ashamed I stand
Where monarchs hold their seat:
I witness to thy dread command,
And speak thy precepts sweet.

Thy law is folded in my arms;
My thoughts have there repose;
And, musing on its sacred charms,
My heart with love o'erflows.

VII.

According to thy promised grace,
Thy servant's succour send;
And give me in remembrance place,
Who on thy word depend.

Deep comfort thence my soul sustains
Though darkening woes be near;
And life and joy run through my veins,
When once thy voice I hear.

Mid the fierce scorn of proud men bold,
Ne'er from thy laws I turned:
I thought on thy great deeds of old,
And heavenly solace learned.

I shudder for the souls that roam
In paths of fearful wrong;
But in my own lone pilgrim home
Thy precepts are my song.

Thoughts of thy name mid silent night
Have hovered where I slept;
And this was still my best delight,
That I thy covenant kept.

VIII.

My soul's sure hope and chosen part,
O Lord my God, art thou!
Before thy throne, with prostrate heart,
I make my prayer and vow.

Have mercy, as thy word is true;
For still, thy ways to tread,
With vigorous step and eager view,
My cheerful soul has sped.

Amidst the rage of murderous bands
That round my pathway hung,

To thy just sway and pure commands
My glad remembrance clung.

At midnight, from my couch shall soar
The solemn voice of praise;
And sleep shall flee while I adore
Thy righteous words and ways.

The friend am I of all who hold
Most dear thy sacred cause;
Thy mercies, Lord, all earth enfold:
Oh, teach me thou thy laws.

IX.

As thou hast proved thy servant's stay
With promised kindness true,
So still thy light and skill display
To my believing view.

I wandered far in thoughtless days,
Ere yet thy chastenings fell:
But now I keep thy sacred ways,
And love thy statutes well.

Oh, ever gracious, ever good,
Lord, teach me all thy laws!
While, by the proud and false pursued,
I clasp thy precious cause.

Heavy and gross, their heart has swelled
With dreams of fleshly ease;
But I thy covenant fast have held,
And joyed in thy decrees.

It was but good that, brought to weep,
I learned thy law to fear,
Than gold or silver, heap on heap,
Ten thousand times more dear.

x.

To me, whose frame and spirit live
By thine almighty hands,
The heavenly understanding give
To learn thy just commands.

So they that fear thy holy name
With joy my joy shall see;
Since through thy word my faith o'ercame,
And they believed like me.

I know, Lord, that thy ways are right,
Thy chastening stroke most kind;
Then, in thy word, my soul's delight,
Sweet comfort let me find.

Let thy rich mercies give me life,
While o'er thy laws I bend;
But on the boasters' treacherous strife
All wild confusion send.

Be those my close companions found,
Who know thee and adore;
And in thy statutes firm and sound,
No shame shall reach me more.

XI.

For thy salvation, Lord, I pine;
Thy word my hope supplies:
"Oh, when shall comfort yet be mine?"
I ask with drooping eyes.

As in the smoke the shrivelled flask,
My heart is parched and dried;
Yet only for the light I ask
Of thy commandments tried.

How many are thy servant's days?
When shall their sorrows close?
When shall thy righteous vengeance blaze
Against my ruthless foes?

In bitter scorn of all thy laws,
They spread the pit and snare:
Oh, for my wronged and trembling cause
Thy succour swift prepare.

Almost from earth to ruin swept,
I have not left thy will:
Oh, let the laws my heart has kept
Give life to keep them still.

XII.

Forever and forever, Lord,
Thy mighty word remains:
All ages shall thy truth record,
Which heaven and earth sustains.

All things their course at thy dread call
E'en as at first fulfil:
They are thy faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.

Had not thy laws been my delight,
Mine eyes had closed in death:
Oh, may I ne'er the statutes slight,
That gave anew my breath!

Lord, I am thine: oh, save me yet,
For I thy laws have sought;
And while the bad my path beset,
On thee was all my thought.

I see how soon comes on the end
Of all things here below;
But thy commands far, far extend,
Nor change nor period know.

XIII.

The love that to thy laws I bear,
No tongue, Lord, can display:
They are my study and my care
Through all the livelong day.

More wise, while these my thoughts engage,
Than all my subtle foes;
More wise than many an earthly sage
Whom once for guides I chose;

I turn my careful feet apart
From every evil road,

But clasp and fasten to my heart
The judgments thou hast showed.

How sweet thy accents' strong control,
With sure persuasion graced!
How much more grateful to my soul,
Than honey to my taste!

So by thy sacred precepts taught,
With heavenly wisdom blest,
I mourn the woes which sin has wrought,
And all its joys detest.

XIV.

Thy word shall cheer my footsteps lone,
When closes round the night;
The lamp whose beams so far are thrown
In lines of living light.

Since I have sworn with purpose true
To keep thy judgments just,
Though boundless griefs my soul subdue,
Yet lift me from the dust.

Still may my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find:
And let thy wisdom in thy ways
Instruct my willing mind.

My life within my hand I bear,
Yet thee alone I serve;
And from thy paths no guilty snare
Shall tempt my step to swerve.

Thy laws, my heritage and choice,
Have all within me won
By them to walk, in them rejoice,
Till all my work be done.

XV.

Oh, how I hate the idle dreams
Of men that love deceit!
But thy pure word's unfading beams
To me are always sweet.

Thou art my sheltering hiding-place,
And my almighty shield!
Thy sovereign word of truth and grace
My confidence shall yield.

Depart, depart, ye men of guilt,
For I will keep His will:
O Lord, uphold me where thou wilt,
And all my hope fulfil.

Safe, unashamed, with steadfast eye
Thy statutes I obey;
While the false lovers of a lie
Like dross are swept away.

From their proud state, in mid career,
Thou tread'st them down with might:
My trembling flesh is thrilled with fear,
And owns thy judgment right.

XVI.

Judgment and justice I have wrought:
Oh, therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, and yield me not
To my oppressors' rage.

Give thou thy pledge, to ward my harm,
Nor let the proud prevail;
For, while I wait thy word and arm,
My weary eyelids fail.

Oh, give thy servant all thy grace,
And teach me to obey:
I love, O Lord, thy servant's place,
In wisdom's sacred way.

Prolong no more the lingering time,
Nor thy dread hand withdraw;
For they who glory in their crime
Annul thy sovereign law.

More prized than gold, than gold most bright,
I guard thy laws within,
Deem all my God's commandments right,
And shun the paths of sin.

XVII.

Wondrous and glorious is thy word;
My soul has there her rest:
Like dawning morn, its beams are poured,
To light the humble breast.

With opened lips and panting frame,
I listened for the sound:
Oh, as to those that love thy name,
To me let grace abound.

Look on me, Lord, and guide my feet
Along thy heavenly way;
Nor e'er, within my bosom's seat
Let sin have quiet sway.

From all oppression set me free,
And break the cruel bands;
And I, in holy liberty,
Will walk by thy commands,

Rivers of waters from mine eyes
For sinners' woes descend:
Oh, let thy smile of light arise,
Till all my sorrows end.

XVIII.

Righteous and pure, O glorious Lord,
Thy judgments all abide;
And whatsoe'er thy words record
Is truth most sure and tried.

Because my foes thy precepts spurn,
My zeal burns in like fire:
But towards those spotless words I turn
With fervent, pure desire.

Small is my name; and men of pride
Have scorned my lowly lot:

But thy just word was still my guide,
Thy truth was ne'er forgot.

Thy judgments all are just and true.
While endless ages roll;
My joy when clouds o'erhang my view,
And anguish smites my soul.

Thy judgments all true witness speak
While endless ages fly:
Oh, give me light thy truth to seek,
And I shall never die.

XIX.

To thee my inmost heart has sighed,
"Oh, hear me, Lord, above!"
"Oh, save me, guide me," still I cried,
"To keep the laws I love!"

Thus, hoping in thy promise kind,
I call before the dawn:
Thus holy musings throng my mind
Ere evening's shades be drawn.

O Lord of love, most good and just,
Hear thou my constant voice,
And warm with life my feeble dust,
And bid my hope rejoice.

They come, O Lord, who hate thy law,
And love the paths of ill:
Near and more near in arms they draw,
But thou art nearer still!

All thy commandments, Lord, are truth;
They change not, nor depart:
I know them from my earliest youth,
Eternal as thou art.

XX.

Think, Lord, on all my weary grief;
I think on all thy laws:
Deliverer, come to my relief,
And plead with might my cause.

As thou hast spoken, give me life,
For high thy mercies rise:
But health is far from sons of strife
Who all thy words despise.

As thou hast promised, give me life,
For many are my foes:
But ever, mid the clamorous strife,
I on thy laws repose.

On the transgressors and their strife
With bleeding heart I gaze:
Oh, as thou lovest, give me life,
For I have loved thy ways.

As ever from the birth of time,
Through rolling ages past,
So shall thy judgments stand sublime,
While endless ages last.

XXI.

Vainly have princes on my tread
With causeless hatred hung:
I held thy laws in deeper dread,
And there rejoicing clung.

Far more than all a victor's spoils,
Thy law is my delight,
But from th' ensnarer's subtle toils
I shrunk with loathing sight.

Seven times throughout the circling day,
On thee with praise I call;
For peace have they who love thy way,
And they shall never fall.

On thy salvation, gracious Lord,
My hopes secure depend:
I love the precepts of thy word,
And keep them to the end.

From that high work of all my powers
I never yet withdrew;
Convinced that my most secret hours
Are open to thy view.

XXII.

Lord, let my earnest cry come near;
And teach me by thy light:
Let mine entreaty reach thine ear;
And save me by thy might.

Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou hast made my heart to burn
With knowledge of thy ways.

My tongue shall dwell on each command,
For all are righteous still:
Oh, hold me by thy gracious hand,
As I would choose thy will.

My soul has waited long to see
Thy grace, my utmost joy:
Oh, let me live, that praise to thee
May all my days employ.

Like some lost sheep that far has strayed,
The path I fain would find:
Thy servant seek; for, though dismayed,
I hold thy laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

In deep distress to God I cried,
And answering help he gave:
Oh, save from lips that falsehood hide,
From tongues deceitful save!

What meed to thee shall yet be given,
Oh, tongue of black deceit?
Sharp arrows by the mighty driven,
And coals of quenchless heat.

Oh, woe is me, constrained to roam
O'er Mesech's barren plain!
To find a warriour's tented home
Mid Kedar's godless train!

Fierce war and fell debate is theirs;
A child of peace am I:
But when for peace my speech prepares,
They raise the battle-cry.

PSALM CXXI.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies:
Thence from the Lord I wait mine aid,
From Him who heaven and earth has made.

He guides our feet, He guards our way,
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

That holy guardian's watchful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise:
The Lord at thy right hand shall spread
Shadow and strength above thy head.

The sun shall send no scorching light,
The moon no withering chill by night:
Safe in the Lord! whose heavenly care
Redeems thy soul from every snare;

Safe shall thy feet at distance roam,
And safe regain thy peaceful home;
The Lord thy journey shall defend,
And keep thee when all journeys end.

PSALM CXXII.

Oh, 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
"Up, to the house of God draw near,
And keep your festal day!"

Our feet within thy gates shall climb,
Thy gates that gleam above,
O Salem, throned in peace sublime,
And girt with walls of love!

For Salem shines, with all her towers,
A city in accord;
There stand the tribes with marshalled powers,
The tribes that serve the Lord.

There, at His ark of witness met,
They praise the name divine;
And there, are thrones of judgment set,
The thrones of David's line.

Oh, pray for Salem's peaceful days,
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our praise,
Who bear true love to thee.

Peace dwell within thy lofty walls,
And crown thy sacred dome!
And blessings fill thy palace halls,
Our hearts' perpetual home!

For friends' and brethren's sake I cry,
May peace within thee dwell!
And for the house of God Most High,
I wish thy mansions well!

PSALM CXXIII.

At thy footstool, low we wait,
To thy throne we lift our eyes,
Thou who hold'st thy royal state
Far beyond the glorious skies.

As the servant's glance intent
Watches for his lord's command;
As the maiden's gaze is bent
Lowly on her mistress' hand;

So our eyes and so our prayer
To the Lord our God ascend,
Till His mercy's sovereign care
Downward to our succour bend.

Lord of mercy, mercy grant:
Mercy, for our soul is bowed,
Loaded with the reveller's taunt,
With the mockery of the proud.

PSALM CXXIV.

Had not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintained our side,
When men to make our lives a prey
Rose like the swelling of the tide;

The swelling tide had been our grave,
So fiercely did the waters roll:
And the proud torrent, wave on wave,
Had swept above our drowning soul.

Bless'd be the Lord! to him be given
Praise that we rise from death so nigh!
So, when the fowler's snare is riven,
Soars the glad bird far up on high.

The snare is riven, and we are free;
To God our soul's strong pinions rise:
For all our help has come from thee,
Great Maker of the earth and skies.

PSALM CXXV.

Who place on Sion's God their trust
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her be fixed, mid mortal dust,
By His almighty hand.

Look, how the hills, mound over mound,
Jerusalem enclose:
So clasps the Lord His people round,
And guards them from their foes.

Not on the righteous lot must rest
The impious tyrant's rod;
Lest the pure heart should sink oppress'd,
And waver from its God.

Be good, O righteous Lord, to those
Who righteous deeds affect:
Hearts that in innocence repose,
Let innocence protect.

The feet that choose the wayward way
To wander shall not cease;
God leads them where all guilt must stray,
But Israel shall have peace.

PSALM CXXVI.

When from the heathen lands
The Lord His own redeemed,
It seemed to Sion's wondering bands
As if a dream we dreamed.

Then joy to laughter rose,
And mirthful echoes rang
While, rescued from the captive's woes,
Our song of peace we sang.

Then e'en the heathen cried,
"Great deeds their Lord has done!"
"Great deeds," our joyful hearts replied,
"His triumph have begun."

Oh, still thine own restore,
As, from the mountains fed,
O'er southern plains the torrents pour,
Each to its ancient bed.

The harvest dawn is near;
The year delays not long:
And he that sows with many a tear
Shall reap with many a song.

Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at day's sweet close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

PSALM CXXVII.

Except the Lord shall build the halls,
In vain the builders' pain;
Except the Lord shall guard the walls,
The watchman wakes in vain.

In vain to toil ere morning break,
And midnight vigils keep,
And bitter bread of care partake,
While God's belov'd may sleep.

God gives the blooming household band,
And crowns the fruitful birth;
Like arrows in a champion's hand,
Are children in their mirth.

How blest the man whose quiver bears
Of such bright shafts the weight!
The clash of arms unharmed he dares,
When foemen throng the gate.

PSALM CXXVIII.

How happy is the heart
That makes the Lord its dread,
Finds in His ways the better part,
And walks with steadfast tread!

Sure fruit and gladsome cheer
Thy hands' own toil shall yield;
Well shalt thou dwell, and far from fear,
Shalt till thy pleasant field.

Like some fair fruitful vine,
Thy spouse thy walls shall grace;
Like olives round thy board shall twine
Thy young and blooming race.

Lo, thus the man shall live
Who makes the Lord his dread,
And God from Sion's height shall give
All blessing on his head.

On Salem's good thine eyes
Through all thy days shall rest;
Shall see thy children's children rise,
And see thine Israel blest.

PSALM CXXIX.

Oh, many a time from earliest youth,
Oh, many a time, may Israel say,
From earliest youth they moched my truth,
But ne'er o'ercame th' encircled prey.

Hard on my back the ploughers ploughed,
And deep their furrows red they drew;
But God the just subdued the proud,
And far their broken fetters threw.

Let Sion's foes turn back afraid,
And fade, like grass that clasps the eaves:
No mower crops the withering blade,
No reaper binds it to his sheaves.

No passing stranger lingers near,
Kind word of greeting thus to frame;
"The blessing of the Lord be here!
We wish you blessing in His name!"

PSALM CXXX.

From the deep valleys drear
To God arose my cry;
Lord, hear me with attentive ear,
And graciously reply.

If thou, Lord, sternly see,
Who, Lord, oh, who shall stand?
But sweet forgiveness dwells with thee,
That all may fear thy hand.

My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hope stands waiting at thy gates,
And clinging to thy word.

My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the watchmen shout
To view the dawning day.

Let Israel trust her King,
No bound His mercy knows,
From whose exhaustless source and spring
Eternal succour flows.

That healing, cleansing stream
Shall wash our guilt away;
And God His Israel shall redeem
From sin's last lingering sway.

PSALM CXXXI.

LORD, forever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed:
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

Israel, now and evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust:
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

PSALM CXXXII.

LET David, Lord, a constant place
In thy remembrance find;
And let his sorrows' weary trace
Be ever in thy mind.

Remember how, o'erwhelmed with care,
He made his upright vow,
And to the God of Israel sware,
To whom all creatures bow;

"I will not go within my hall,
Nor to my bed ascend;
No slumber on mine eyes shall fall,
Nor sleep mine eyelids bend;

"Till for the Lord's designed abode
I mark the destined ground,
Till for the ark of Jacob's God
Meet dwelling-place be found."

Behold, the tidings glad and good
From Ephratah we hear:
And in the pastures of the wood
The sacred scenes appear.

Oh, with due reverence let us all
To His abode repair;
And prostrate at His footstool fall,
And pour our humble prayer.

Arise, O Lord, with splendours mark
Thy constant place of rest:
Be that not only with thine ark,
But with thy presence blest.

Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice;
For David's sake, their concourse bless,
For thine Anointed's voice.

God in His truth to David sware,
Nor shall His oath be vain,
"Thy seed shall thy dominion bear,
And on thy throne shall reign.

"And, if their heart my covenant own,
And in my laws delight,
Their seed shall still maintain their throne,
Forever in my sight.

"For Sion's towers, in God's esteem,
All other seats excel;
His place of peaceful rest supreme,
Where He delights to dwell.

"Her store my bounty shall increase,
My board her poor shall throng:
Her priests shall walk in robes of peace,
Her saints shall shout in song.

"There shall the horn of David's might
Be lifted by his line,
And I will bid perpetual light
On mine Anointed shine.

"His vanquished foes shall hide their face,
With bitter shame o'erspread,
While His own crown, of peerless grace,
Shall flourish on his head."

PSALM CXXXIII.

Lo, how delightsome is the sight,
When brethren dear and near
With happy hearts their lot unite,
And dwell in love sincere!

Not richer once the oil appeared,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Flowed trickling down his reverend beard,
And o'er his vestments spread.

Not softer dews on Hermon's side
From balmy skies distil;
Not softer, down from heaven they glide
To Sion's sacred hill.

For there, where love in brethren's breasts
Has fastened firm its tie,
The Lord's eternal blessing rests,
And life that cannot die.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Lo, ye that serve the Lord of light,
Within His temple, night by night,
While thus ye keep your faithful ward,
Lift holy hands and bless the Lord.

The Lord who made the heavens on high,
The sun, the moon, the starry sky,
And spread below the earth and sea,
From Sion, blessings send on thee.

PSALM CXXXV.

Praise ye the Lord! With glad acclaim
The Lord's high praises raise!
Praise ye the Lord's almighty name;
Let all that serve Him, praise!

Praise ye the Lord! His praises bring,
All ye that stand and wait,
Within the courts of God our King,
Within His temple-gate.

Praise ye the Lord! The Lord is kind;
Sing praises and rejoice:
The Lord on Jacob's seed has shined,
And Israel is His choice.

For well my heart His greatness knows,
And joys with thanks to own
How high His throne in glory glows
O'er every idol throne.

Whate'er the Lord our God decrees,
His realms must hear and keep;
The heaven, the earth, the rolling seas,
The caverns of the deep.

He lifts the far spread clouds on high,
And showers and lightnings blends;
And from His treasures in the sky,
The swift-winged tempest sends.

His signs, O Egypt, shook thy coasts,
When all thy first-born died;
Died beast and man; the subject hosts,
The heir of Pharaoh's pride.

He marched o'er nations' smitten powers,
And mighty monarchs slain;
Sihon and Og, high Heshbon's towers
And Bashan's mountain reign;

Till all the kings of Canaan bled,
E'en to the utmost west;
And Israel to his home was led,
His home of promised rest.

Thy name, O Lord, endures in light,
While ages downward flow;
For thou wilt judge thy people's right,
And pity all their woe.

The heathen gods are gods of gold,
Or silver fashioned fair:
Man gave them silent lips and cold,
That mock the votary's prayer.

Man gave them ears that naught can hear,
And eyes that naught can view;
And mouths, which breath or accent ne'er
Or spoke or murmured through.

And dull like them, and dead are they
Who loud their praises tell,
And trust the gods of gold or clay,
Themselves have framed so well.

O house of Israel, bless your King,
And praise the name divine!
O house of Aaron, haste and bring
Your praises to His shrine!

O house of Levi, strike the chord
His holy song to raise!
O ye that fear Him, bless the Lord,
And utter all His praise!

Oh, bless the Lord from Sion's walls,
The Lord who reigns above,
Yet deigns to dwell in Salem's halls,
Praise ye the Lord of love!

PSALM CXXXVI.

Praise God, who in all goodness dwells;
His mercy is forever!
Praise God, who all the gods excels:
His mercy ceases never!

Praise Him, who is of lords the Lord;
His mercy is forever!
Whose wondrous deeds His praise record:
His mercy ceases never!

Whose wisdom gave the heavens their birth;
His mercy is forever!
And o'er the waters spread the earth;
His mercy ceases never!

Who taught yon glorious lights their way;
His mercy is forever!
The golden sun, to rule the day;
His mercy ceases never!

The moon and stars, to rule the night;
His mercy is forever!
Who smote the Egyptian's first-born might:
His mercy ceases never!

Who brought out Israel from their land;
His mercy is forever!
With outstretched arm and mighty hand;
His mercy ceases never!

Who cleft the Red Sea depths in two;
His mercy is forever!
And Israel brought in triumph through;
His mercy ceases never!

Who Pharaoh and his warriors drowned;
His mercy is forever!
And led His flock o'er desert ground;
His mercy ceases never!

Who kings in battle overthrew;
His mercy is forever!
Kings great and far-famed sovereigns slew;
His mercy ceases never!

Sihon, the royal Amorite;
His mercy is forever!
And Og, the lord of Bashan's might;
His mercy ceases never!

And gave their land an heritage;
His mercy is forever!
His Israel's lot from age to age;
His mercy ceases never!

Who thought on us amidst our woes;
His mercy is forever!
And gave us ransom from our foes;
His mercy ceases never!

Who fills with food each living thing;
His mercy is forever!
Oh, thank the heavens' almighty King;
His mercy ceases never!

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
For memory still to Sion clung;
The winds alone our harp-strings swept,
That on the drooping willows hung.

There our rude conquerors, flushed with pride,
Called for a lay, to mock our wrongs;
And they who spoiled our altars, cried,
"Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."

How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with trembling hand?
Oh, no, we have nor voice nor string
For such a song, in such a land.

Jerusalem, God's holy hill,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my hand forget its skill,
The speaking strings with art to move!

And let my tongue its utterance cease,
If thou no more its praise employ;
If Salem and her holy peace
Shall fade before some dearer joy!

Remember, Lord, how Edom's crowd,
In leaguered Sion's day of woe,
Urged on the victor, shouting loud,
"O'erthrow her, to the dust o'erthrow!"

Daughter of Babel, the forlorn,
Doomed to sure wrath a wretched prey,
'n blessings be the avenger born,
Who all our wrongs shall yet repay.

His conquering sword be richly blest,
Who comes, with future triumph crowned,
To rend thy children from thy breast,
And dash them bleeding to the ground.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

With all my heart, O Lord of love,
My thankful gifts I bring;
Before thine angel hosts above,
My lay of praise I sing.

I worship at thy sacred seat,
And with thy love inspired,
The glories of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admired.

What time I called, thine answer came,
Strengthening my soul with might:
All kings of earth shall tell thy name,
Thy deeds of grace recite.

They hear the counsels of thy tongue,
And while they tread thy ways,
By heathen lips at length is sung
The Lord's most glorious praise.

How high the Lord! and yet His eyes
Regard the lowly heart:
At distance He the proud espies,
And holds him far apart.

Though I may walk with thronging foes,
Thy love shall give me life;
Thy strong right hand shall crush my foes,
And end their stormy strife.

The Lord shall all my hope fulfil;
Thy mercy steadfast stands:
Forsake not, Lord, in days of ill,
The work of thine own hands.

PSALM CXXXIX.

Lord, thou hast searched me out, and known
My rising up and lying down:
And every thought that silent lies
Thy piercing glance from far descries.

Thou art about the path I tread;
Thou art around my nightly bed:
Thou know'st whate'er my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered word's intent.

Surrounded by thy power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Oh skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

If e'er my soul could long for wings
To shun thy might, O King of kings,
Where from thy Spirit could I hide,
Or where beyond thy beams abide?

If up to heaven I take my flight,
There dwell'st thou in thy halls of light:
If down to hell's dread couch I bow,
There in thy judgments, Lord, art thou.

If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable veil of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

The veil of night is no disguise:
Sunbeams for thee nor set nor rise:
Night shines for thee as day has shone:
Darkness and light for thee are none.

Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins, and every vital part:
Each single thread in nature's loom
By thee was covered in the womb.

I praise thee, from whose hand I came,
Clothed with this fearful wondrous frame:
My soul with joy the praise shall tell
Of Him whose work she knows so well.

Thine eyes my substance could survey,
While yet an embryo mass it lay:
Where deep in earth none else could see,
The secret mould was watched by thee.

All lay unfolded to thy look,
And all was written in thy book,
While, day by day, the members grew,
Nor yet their form and beauty knew.

How dear to me thy thoughts of good!
How few by mortals understood!
If I could sum them, all were more
Than sands along the ocean shore.

These on my heart are still impress'd;
With these I give mine eyes to rest:
And at my waking hours I find
Thy love still sovereign o'er my mind.

Lord, wilt thou not the impious slay?
Hence, ye that thirst for blood, away!
For loud, O Lord, their curses ring,
While on thy name proud scorn they fling.

Hate I not them that hate thee, Lord,
That lift rebellious arms abhorred?
I dread, I loathe the dark design:
And all the foes of God are mine.

Search thou, O God, my thoughts and heart;
And try my soul's most secret part:
Correct me when I go astray,
And lead me in the eternal way.

PSALM CXL.

Save me, O Lord! From every foe,
From the fierce spoiler's cruel blow,
From evil hearts that love deceit,
Preserve, O Lord, thy servant's feet.

All day they gather to the strife,
Each tongue a murderer's sharpened knife:
The serpent's bite is in their teeth,
The adder's venom lurks beneath.

Then save me, Lord, from treacherous hands,
From the fierce spoiler's cruel bands,
Who fast the ambushed death prepare,
And spread around the net and snare.

Lord, I have cried, my God art thou:
Hear, Lord my God, my suppliant vow;
And lift that shield of saving might,
That guards my head through fields of fight.

Oh, grant not, Lord, their impious will,
Nor let them their device fulfil;
But let their treacherous crests be bowed,
And shame and fear o'erwhelm the proud.

Their lips' own guile shall weigh them deep;
Showers of red fire shall round them sweep;
Till mid the awful flame they sink,
And o'er them close the pit's dread brink.

The man whose words are dark and base
Shall have on earth no stable place;
And he who loves the evil deed
From vengeful darts in vain shall speed.

The Lord shall plead the cause oppressed,
And give th' afflicted right and rest;
The just thy praises still shall tell,
The upright in thy sight shall dwell.

PSALM CXLI.

Lord, at thy throne I urge my cry;
Swift to my aid let mercy fly:
And let thine ear in pity bend,
While from the dust my sighs ascend.

As fragrant incense on the air,
So mount to heaven my early prayer:
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

Set o'er my lips a watch and guard;
Be their firm portals sternly barred;
Nor leave my lawless heart to stray
Where evil footsteps crowd the way.

A stranger to the sinner's joy,
My hand repels his hard employ;
Nor takes, in guilty friendship pressed,
The feast that waits the sinner's guest.

When righteous lips my errors chide,
Like healing oil the accents glide;
The voice of faithful love I know,
And I must bless the chastening blow.

And since their words my health devise,
My prayer to heaven for them shall rise;
And when they strew the rocky ground,
Sweet in their ears my words shall sound.

For us, our scattered bones are left,
As branches by the woodman cleft;
They, fast beside some forest cave,
We, at the dark door of the grave.

But, Lord my God, my aching eyes
Shall seek thy dwelling in the skies;
On thee my only hopes rely:
Oh, leave me not alone to die!

Preserve me from the secret net,
The toils which impious foes have set:
In their own snares themselves shall pine,
While life and liberty are mine.

PSALM CXLII.

To God my earnest voice I raise:
To God my voice imploring prays:
Before His face I pour my tears,
And tell my sorrows in His ears.

When griefs my fainting soul o'erflow,
Thou know'st the lonely way I go:
Thou seest the toils thy foes have spread,
To snare thy servant's guileless tread.

All unprotected, lo, I stand,
No friendly guardian at my hand,
No place of flight or refuge near,
And none to whom my soul is dear.

But, Lord, to thee I make my vow;
My hope, my place of refuge thou!
My shelter in the day of strife,
My portion in the land of life.

Then hear, and heed, my fervent cry;
For low with burdening griefs I lie;
Against my foes thy arm display,
For I am weak, and powerful they.

Redeem me from these captive chains,
That I may sing in grateful strains:
Then shall the righteous round me press,
And join thy bounteous love to bless.

PSALM CXLIII.

Lord, hear my prayer, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thine accustomed clemency
A gracious answer send.

Nor at thy just tribunal call
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight, of mortals all
Shall none be justified.

Strong foes against my soul unite;
My life to dust they tread;
I dwell where darkness veils my sight,
As mid the long lost dead.

O'erwhelmed beneath a flood of woes,
My spirit sighs for rest:
But desolate is all repose
Within my fainting breast.

Yet I recall the days of old,
Thy works of wonder trace,
Thy works which all thy saints have told,
The footsteps of thy grace.

Then, cheered by hope, my outstretched hands
Their hold on thee regain:
For thee I long, as thirsty lands
For showers of generous rain.

Oh, hear me, Lord, nor more delay,
For griefs my life consume;
Nor hide thy face lest I decay,
With those who seek the tomb.

When morning lights the opening skies,
Thy beams, O Lord, disclose:
And let thy loving kindness rise,
For there my hopes repose.

Teach me the way where I shall go,
Who lift my soul to thee;
Redeem me from the raging foe,
Since to thy throne I flee.

Teach me the righteous choice, to do
My gracious God's command:
Let thy good Spirit lead me through,
Into the upright land.

Revive me, Lord, for thy great name,
And for thy judgment's sake
From woe and gloom my soul reclaim,
My chains of anguish break;

That they, beneath thy gracious arm,
May perish in their shame,
Who seek to reach, with deadly harm,
A soul that loves thy name.

PSALM CXLIV.

Bless'd be the Lord, my Strength and Rock,
The Lord, whose favouring might
Has nerved my arm for battle's shock,
And taught my hand to fight.

The Lord, my Goodness and my Power,
My Saviour, and my Shield;
I trust in that embattled Tower,
And rebel armies yield.

Lord, what is man, the child of clay,
To win thy thought or eye?
Vain as the shadows on their way,
Our days are fleeting by.

Oh, bow thy heavens, great God, from far,
And come in glory down;
The hills shall feel thy passing car,
And bend their smoking crown.

With lightnings light the stormy cloud,
With arrows from thy bow;
And strew the banners of the proud,
And all their strength o'erthrow.

Stretch forth thine arm, and rend the sky,
And snatch me from the wave:
Though round me roll its floods so high,
Oh, yet thy suppliant save.

Save from the strangers' impious band,
Whose lips o'erflow with guile,
Whose armed right hand, a false right hand,
Belies their treacherous smile.

A new-made song, my God and Lord,
To thee my heart shall sing:
I strike the psaltery's silver chord,
And lyre of tenfold string.

I sing thine arm, thine arm alone,
By highest kings adored,
That victory gave to David's throne,
And snatched him from the sword.

Still save me from the strangers' band,
Whose lips o'erflow with guile;
Whose armed right hand, a false right hand,
Belies their treacherous smile.

So, as the stately stems entwine,
Our sons shall gird our home;
Our maids like pillars fair shall shine,
That lift a regal dome.

So, home shall come the garnered store
From garden, fold, and field;
So, thousands, and ten thousands more,
Our peaceful flocks shall yield.

So, strong to bear his load of toil,
The generous ox shall tread;
No conqueror's hand shall grasp the spoil;
No captive's tear be shed;

No wail along our streets shall ring:
Oh happy, happy shore!
Oh, happy race, where God is King,
And Lord for evermore!

PSALM CXLV.

God my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy name:
Day by day, with songs of blessing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

Honour great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

God is kind, all pity giving,
Slow to anger, rich in grace;
God is good to all things living:
And His mercies all embrace.

All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
All thy saints thy love shall laud:
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And shall tell thy power abroad.

They thy might, all might excelling,
Shall to all mankind make known,
And the brightness of thy dwelling,
And the glories of thy throne.

While the ages on are gliding
Shall thine endless might remain;
Through th' eternal years abiding,
Stand the pillars of thy reign.

Them that fall the Lord upraises;
He sustains the bowed and bent;
Every creature upward gazes,
Waiting thence their nourishment.

Thou, thy bounteous hand unfolding,
Giv'st to all their daily food;
They, the streams of life beholding,
Drink, and all are filled with good.

God in all his works is holy,
  God is just in all His ways;
Nigh to every suppliant lowly,
  Nigh whene'er such suppliant prays.

Who with humble fear adore Him,
  He will grant them all they crave;
Who with earnest cries implore Him,
  He will hear them, haste, and save.

For the Lord His full salvation
  Gives to souls that seek His joy:
But with righteous condemnation
  Shall the impious hosts destroy.

Still, O Lord, thy might confessing,
  Shall my tongue thy praise proclaim,
And may all mankind with blessing
  Ever hail thy holy name!

PSALM CXLVI.

Praise the Lord!
Praise Him, my soul, while I have breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
  His praise shall still thy powers employ:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and breath and being last,
  And immortality, and joy.

Why should I place in man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
  Vain is the hope which there shall build;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts, all perish in an hour;
  And the vain hope dies unfulfilled.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Jacob's God; He made the sky,
  And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor;
  And none shall find His promise vain.

The Lord gives eyesight to the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
  He sends the righteous, strength and peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
  And grants the captive sweet release.

God shall the impious path confound,
And bring their proud hosts to the ground:
  Thy God, O Sion, ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In His exalted praise engage,
  And bless Him in eternal strains!
    Praise the Lord!

PSALM CXLVII.

Oh, praise the Lord! for well belong
High praises to our King;
And glad to us the voice of song
When God's dear praise we sing.

The Lord, on Salem's lofty crest,
Rebuilds her ruined walls;
And back to Israel's ancient rest
His exiled people calls.

He comes to soothe the couch of woe,
And all its pains depart:
He pours the healing balsam's flow,
And binds the bleeding heart.

He counts yon host that gem the skies,
And names each starry light:
Great is the Lord, and greatly wise,
Beyond a creature's sight.

The Lord, in endless power supreme,
Exalts the lowly head;
And treads the sinner and his dream
Beneath His conquering tread.

Oh, answer to the Lord with songs,
With songs of sacred fire:
Oh, lift to God the voice of throngs,
And wake the sounding lyre.

The clouds' dark march o'er heaven he guides,
And sends the rushing rain;
He clothes the grassy mountain's sides,
And smoothes the velvet plain.

The beasts' wide wants His care supplies,
From field and hill and wood;
He hears the nestling ravens' cries,
And gives them plenteous food.

He joys not in the might of steeds,
Or champions swift and strong;
The Lord's delight are righteous deeds,
And hearts that wait Him long.

O Salem, let thy hymns resound!
Let Sion's God be bless'd!
His arm has fenced thy ramparts round,
And given thy children rest.

Through all thy vales He yields thee peace,
And on thy guarded shore:
And fills with all thy fields' increase
Thy garners' golden store.

Wide o'er the world His word He sends,
And fast as breezes fly,
To utmost earth's untrodden ends
His fleet commandments hie.

He spreads like wool the snowy sheet,
The frost like ashes casts;
He drives in storms His icy sleet:
And who can bear His blasts?

He sends His word: o'er frozen plains
The vernal breezes blow;
And leaping from dissolving chains
The joyous torrents flow.

He showed to Israel His commands,
To Jacob's seed His word:
So know His deeds no heathen lands:
Oh, praise the gracious Lord!

PSALM CXLVIII.

Praise the Lord!
Praise Him from the heavens on high!
Praise Him in the lofty sky!
Praise Him, all ye angels bright!
Praise Him, all His hosts of light!
Praise Him, sun and moon afar!
Praise Him, every radiant star!

Praise Him, heavens that heavens upbear;
Waters, higher hung in air;
Let them praise their Maker's name;
For He called them, and they came:
He has fixed their places fast,
With a bound which ne'er was pass'd.

Praise the Lord from earth below,
Monsters, through the deep that go;
Fire, and cloud, and snow, and hail;
And th' obedient stormy gale:

Mountains, and the highlands all;
Fruitful trees, and cedars tall;

Beasts that field or forest bore:
Worms that creep, and birds that soar;
Kings, and men of humble birth;
Princes, judges of the earth;
Youths and virgins, flourishing
In the beauty of your spring;

You who bow with age's weight,
You who were but born of late;
Heaven and earth with due consent,
Praise His name most excellent;
He His saints to Him shall rear,
Israel, to the Lord so dear.
Praise the Lord!

PSALM CXLIX.

Oh, praise ye the Lord!
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise with His saints
Assembled to sing:
Before our Creator
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

And let them His name
Extol in the dance:

With timbrel and harp
His praises express:
Who always His servants
Delights to advance,
And with His salvation
The humble to bless.

His saints shall sing loud
With glory of joy,
And sleep undismayed
With songs in the night:
The praise of their Sovereign
Their mouths shall employ,
A sword in their right hand,
Two-edged for the fight;

The heathen to judge,
Their pride to consume,
To fetter their kings,
Their princes to bind:
To execute on them
The long-decreed doom;
Such honour forever
The holy shall find.
Praise the Lord!

PSALM CL.

Praise ye the Lord!
Oh, praise God in His holy place,
Where He unveils His radiant grace;

Praise Him from yon celestial arch,
Where holds His power its glorious march;

Oh, praise Him for His deeds of might;
Oh, praise Him in His realms of light;
Oh, praise Him with the trumpet's call;
Oh, praise Him with the psaltery's fall.

Praise Him with lyre and timbrel sweet,
And measured tread of dancing feet;
And praise Him with the notes that ring
From every harp of every string.

Oh, praise Him with the cymbals loud;
Oh, praise Him with the cymbals proud;
Let all that breathe, with glad accord,
Lift up their voice, and praise the Lord.
Praise the Lord!

THE END.